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DISCORDER

JULY '99
FREE

Program Guide

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2-JUL	ORANGE PAVILLION	SAN BERNADINO	CA
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4-JUL	BORREAL SKI AREA	TAHOE	NV
6-JUL	PORTLAND MEADOWS	PORTLAND	OR
7-JUL	THUNDERBIRD STADIUM	VANCOUVER	BC
8-JUL	KINGDOME LOT	SEATTLE	WA
9-JUL	IDAHO CENTER	BOISE	ID
10-JUL	FAIRGROUNDS	SALT LAKE CITY	UT
11-JUL	MILE HIGH PARK	DENVER	CO
13-JUL	RIVERPORT AMPITHEATRE	ST. LOUIS	MO
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16-JUL	RANDALL'S ISLAND	NEW YORK	NY
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18-JUL	STONE PONEY FESTIVAL AREA	ASBURY PARK	NJ
20-JUL	iC LIGHT AMPITHEATER	PITTSBURGH	PA
21-JUL	FIRST UNION SPECTRUM	PHILADELPHIA	PA
22-JUL	LA SALLE PARK	BUFFALO	NY
23-JUL	PARC DES ILES	MONTREAL	QUE
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25-JUL	PHOENIX CENTER	PONTIAC	MI
27-JUL	RFK STADIUM LOT	WASHINGTON	DC
29-JUL	LAKEWOOD AMPITHEATRE	ATLANTA	GA
30-JUL	CENTRAL FL FAIRGROUNDS	ORLANDO	FL
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DiSCORDER

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THAT'S ACTUALLY RIZ MASLEN, AKA NEOTROPIC, STAR OF OUR SORT-OF-CENTRE SPREAD (DON'T ASK). TRIPPY PHOTO BY TOBIAS VAN VEEN. DESIGN BY ROB.

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sonar

JULY THU 03
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Has it been that long? Come join the fun - we couldn't have done it without you! w/ Fever residents T.bone, Luke, Dana D & Dr J. $9 door/9pm

JULY TUE 06
Bassix & Nordic Trax present
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JULY THU 29
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Mickey Finn @ Airtight (7/25),
Mark Farina (7/22),
Fred Everything (7/24),
Asad Rizvi (7/31)
& more coming soon...

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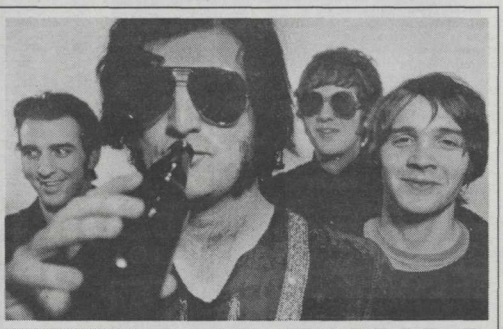

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Radio Interview

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell can be heard Thursdays from 9-11 pm on CiTR 101.9 fM

THE SALTEENS

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?
Megan: bass, vocals.
Scott: guitar, Rhodes piano, vocal.
Dion: drum, vocal.

Is your singer, Scott Walker, named after or related to the legendary Scott Walker of the Walker Brothers (and his later brilliant lengthy solo career)?

Scott: Although I do own a copy of "Boy Child" on vinyl, there is no connection between myself and that English singer. I did use to get phone calls for a player on the Vancouver Canucks though. His drunk buddies used to call from Toronto and get the time difference wrong.

A lot of local bands don't get the recognition they deserve. Pick Zumpano and two other bands and sing their praises.

Zumpano is the band that gave us the nerve to play pop. The only local band that the three of us can agree on is King. As far as strength in songwriting, musicianship, and performance goes, they are simply excellent, I don't however, think that anyone in our band would say the Bocephus King style of music is our favourite. They're just so good that genre doesn't matter. You actually care about every song and are curious as to what will happen next in their show. Young and Sexy are another amazing band.

How does the touring line-up of the Salteens differ from the unit that gigs locally?

Due to job commitments and sonic needs sometimes our friends join us on stage. On tour, and at home we have been joined by Kevin Cooper, Rob Calder, and Greg Macdonald. They are our favourite band in Vancouver.

Why does your bassist occasionally wear a red cape on stage? What comic books does she read?

The reason that Megan wears a red cape on stage is that she likes the colour red. She thinks comic books smell funny.

What's wrong with the paint job on yer amazing flying V guitar?

My guitar looks like a hippie painted it.

How did you hook up with Endearing Records out of Winnipeg? Please explain in detail.

We played a show at the Railway Club one night. It was a battle of us vs. ourselves; our rock vs. our pop. Blair was in the audience and was introduced to us, although I don't think I actually heard him say anything, or rather, didn't let him get a word in. Lots of e-mail later, we sent out a recording, and Blair said he wanted to put it out. Blair works really hard and is very straightforward. He just likes music, and likes to put out records. The fact that he has a decent day job also impresses us. He's a pharmacist. We should have a split 7" with Plumtree (from Halifax) out by the end of the summer (incidentally, rock ! r pop by a narrow margin).

On a night of December 31, 1998, one Robert Dayton ra' acked and laid carnage to the Anza Club stage while y were playing. Robert doesn't remember that much. Please, for his sanity, describe in detail the incidents that took place.

Robert who?

Ask yourself TWO questions.

What do you feel about Satan?

We fight Satan effectively.

Why the Salteens?

Young and spicy!

Contact:
5361 Crescent Drive, Delta, BC, V4K 2E2

MONEY HUNGRY NEWLYWEDZ

Who are you (names, ages, flavours, instruments played)?

Amrit, drums; Jamie, bass, backing vox; Jason Van, guitar, vox, steel pans, sitar; James, guitar, vox.

Just wondering ... how many, if any, 1950's B-movies did you guys watch the evening you came up with your band name?

Any sexually trashy Russ Meyer or Warhol movie will do (circa 1960s).

At what age did you start playing music, and what instruments? Were steel drums part of your musical youth? Did you ever listen to Musical Youth? Speaking of which, steel drums are quite rare in Vancouver ... where did you get such a nice set o' cans?

The average time we have all been playing is 10 years. I wish I grew up with my drums. Boots is the main man who made them. He's from Trinidad. He has a little shack in the backyard out in Surrey. He has this little workshop with naked girl pin-ups. He keeps a bottle of rum under the workbench. I think he's 55-60 years old. It's an experience going out to get them tuned up. By the way, what the hell is Musical Youth?

Speaking of drums, we noticed the somewhat minimalist drum kit. Is such minimalism your standard set-up? What other aspects of the Money Hungry Newlywedz distinguish you from the zillions of other combos out there? Like c'mon guys, you have a sitar!

You should see Amrit play his full set-up. He can really give and take a pounding. It was like we fell out of the sky and here we are. What shall we do, what shall we play? What's our sound? As of March '99, we are finally coming together with a sound that best suits us.

I see lots of bands get up there and play three-chord double kick garbage, they don't say nothing to the crowd, can't understand a word they say. We live and breathe music. Our lives are dedicated to it. We have no other life. So what separates us ... well, you'll just have to come and find out.

The sitar is now rarely used for live shows. It now gets played when I'm with someone special, have a bath [with] her, candles all over my apartment with fine wine, velvet rose petals, open my soul, smoke a bowl, the whole nine yards ... you know. The ultimate, intimate evening with Jason Van.

Pick a song that describes you best. Pick a meat that describes you best. Thank you.

If you mean our songs, then 'Home' and 'Ride,' definitely.

A hybrid of veal and salami - soft, smooth and hangin' to the left.

If that oh-so-psychedelic Monterey Pop festival (from the psychedelic '60s) was brought back to life, would you headline if you were asked, and who would you want to share the bill with?

I wouldn't care if we would headline because we would kick ass along side with our peers. Jim Rose would open, Nardwuar would come out next to interview two lesbian porn stars in his Speedo's and a toque, on a sofa with a microphone. Money Hungry Newlywedz next. Butthole Surfers would kick your ass, Frank Zappa would talk dirty to you, Jane's Addiction would re-unknight, then Pink Floyd doing the *Umma Gumma* album complete with dancing naked flower girls. This would be Monterey Pop Fest 2000.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

What do you think of the music that has come out of this city?

What an embarrassment. What kind of role models do we have to represent this city anyway? Where's the entertainment? Where's the style?

Why are you guys called the Money Hungry Newlywedz?

I thought to try and cleverly think of three words that are common, everyone could relate to, make sense, and people would remember. People seem to like it. Do it for the people, entertainment all the way.

Anything else to add?

Yes. Everyday you wake up, you have a choice to make. You are in control of your own destiny. Thank your god to be able to exist one more day. If you want happiness, it takes a little effort to get you there. There's no time to waste being depressed. Life's too short. I have a good time everywhere I go. Carefully select your friends and how you choose to spend your day. Don't let your daily activities stress you out, life is magic. Remember ... in 100 years we will all be history.

Contact:
Jason Van: 730-0090, James: 734-9897 •

FORECASTS FAREWELL BAKED ALASKA

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

Forecasts Farewell: Thor Larson, 21, bass and guitar; Laura Mitchell, 21, guitar and keyboards; Chris Corday, 21, drums and vocals; Shawn Labrecque, 20, bass and keyboards.

Baked Alaska: John Henville, 18, drums, vocals, guitar, harmony phone; Chris Corday, 21, guitar, vocals harmony phone.

Please describe the genesis of Forecasts Farewell from bands such as Slough of Despond and the Eh Team.

One member of Slough of Despond, Jack, joined a band called the Measure, and now plays in Radio Berlin, so that was the end to that band. Our voices were hoarse from those bands, so we threw away our microphone and concentrated on atmosphere.

And, speaking of bands, tonight on Thunderbird Radio Hell, a side project of yours, Baked Alaska, also performed. What can you tell us about them? Are all Baked Alaska's songs about Alaska? How come you have no songs about polar bears and extreme skiers?

Baked Alaska is Chris' singing/songwriting outlet away from the mainly instrumental jams kicked out in Forecasts Farewell. It is also John Henville's "electric" outlet away from the wonderfully quiet, acoustic campfire songs he plays while in the excellent local band Fridge Art Tiara. Our songs are either about Alaska, the North or about "ice-y" relationships we've had. Instead of about polar bears and skiing, some lyrics are about the Iditarod, Yellowknife, NWT, the Bering Strait and freezing to death in the last frontier, our home away from home.

Furthermore, explain how the Malchiks and a Melody Horn play into the Baked Alaska equation.

John's brother happens to be Frank Henville, a founding member of that local ska band. The Melody horn, for people who don't know what that is, is a small keyboard with a long tube attached that you must blow into in order to force out a nice little sound. Shawn from Forecasts Farewell bought it at Value Village for a mere $30, and it has fast become our favourite instrument to play.

What happened at Shindig 98? Please elaborate.

We were "out rocked" by a band called Jet Set in the first round. We feel we should not expand on what else happened on that night in order to not alienate ourselves from some people in the up-and-up at CiTR whose respect we value.

Have you abandoned "punk rock" and what do you think is emerging as its replacement? Could it be the psychedelic revival? Who do you see as your contemporaries?

There is no way we have abandoned our punk roots. There is still anger in our music, but itis not conveyed as up front as someone screaming in your face, or by guitar amps with the distortion turned up to 11. And we very much miss going to Strain concerts and getting drunk. As for contemporaries, stuff like Aerial M, Godspeed You Black Emperor, the Dirty Three, and props/common influences to local bands Secret Three, the Beans and Citroen. For Baked Alaska, contemporaries are everything from Joan of Arc to Shotmaker.

Ask yourself two questions and then answer them.

What does Forecasts Farewell really tote around with them in their guitar cases?

Many large guns, just like Desperado.

What do Baked Alaska and Forecasts Farewell have in common?

An affinity for bubble tea.

Anything else to add?

If anyone out there knows why the local rock outfit Liquid Amber called us an "ice cube band" on stage before our Music Waste performance last year, please give us a call. Any information leading the apprehension of these outlaws will receive a night out to bubble tea with our friendly band. And thanks to Team Strike Force and Closed Caption Radio for their help, love, hugs, kisses and support for our band.

Discography:

Forecasts Farewell:

-demo tape

-To Savard with Love, 10-song cassette

Contact:

5070 Arbutus St., Vancouver, BC, V6M 3W2 (send $3 and SASE for newest Forecasts tape.)

604.837.6644 (Laura)
604.882.2751 (Shawn)
jthor@interchange.ubc.ca

Vancouver Special

BY JANIS McKENZIE & CHRISTA MIN

local CDs!

SATURNHEAD
Saturnhead California
(Vast)
The follow-up to **Saturnhead**'s much-praised debut (called *Arizona's Thin Mistake* — do I detect a theme here?), this CD is a collection of 22 finely crafted pop songs, ranging from pensive to quirky to driven. There are lots of hooks and harmonies here, wonderful bells and other fun sounds, and guitar riffs that are uncannily **George Harrison**-esque, whether from the *Revolver* era or the last days of the **Beatles**. You can't help but enjoy these cotton-candy-sweet songs while you're listening to them, and it is hard not to admire the way the CD bumps you along jauntily from one to the next, but considering the length (almost an hour!), you might just feel like you've had too much of a good thing. (Vast, 2400 NW 80th St., Ste 152, Seattle, WA, 98117-4449 USA)

JACK TRIPPER
Jack Tripper
(Independent)
Serious musicians, these guys also play in bands with the likes of **Sarah McLachlan** and **Veda Hille**, and they demonstrate quite a few of their hard-earned chops on this 7-song CD. "Sounds Familiar" is the big anthemic hit, "Nova Girl" is the energetic alt-rock power-chord single (with a bonus psychedelic freak-out at the end), and the last track, "Paynes Grey," is pleasantly swirly and more than nine minutes long. Alas, some might call the rest of the songs dirgy (dare I say "grunge"?) ballads, but they do make you appreciate the brighter offerings here. Since this CD is now going on two years old and Ms. Mclachlan says she's going to be taking some time off, I can only imagine we'll be hearing more from **Jack Tripper** soon, and who knows what they'll sound like by then? (Jack Tripper c/o Granville Park, PO Box 60584, Vancouver, BC, V6H 4B9)

THE SPECIAL GUESTS
Everybody Rock
(Independent)
Right from the "Tips for Teens" clean-cut couple posing with their milkshakes and portable record-player in the cover photo, you know what you're getting here: unabashedly (cynical critics might say "shamelessly") early '60s-flavoured pop with a noisy edge. Almost all of these eight songs are irresistibly catchy, carefully constructed, cheerfully harmony-laden little gems. It says a lot that the one cover, **Tommy Roe**'s "Sweet Pea," sounds just a little limp in comparison. This is so darned poppy that you just might hurt yourself. (3820 Miramontes Drive, Victoria, BC, V8N 4K9 <www.intro.ca/tsg>).

local demos!

There are two kinds of demo tapes: the secret document kind that come in weird packages containing 700 minute unmarked tapes, and the advertising kind that come with six-page bios, 8x10 glossies, and three copies of the same tape. Either way, I huck everything except for the music.

LES SAINTS are from

Montreal, and my French is really bad, so I can't tell you what they're singing about. I can tell you that they sound kind of like a French, male **Cadallaca**. Maybe it's just the organ that makes me say that. (No contact. Secret document type demo).

I'm confused. **THE RADIO**'s demo sounds like six different bands. They sound like **Bob Dylan** in one song and then all of a sudden they turn on the sound effects and synths. I guess it's a simulation of the actual radio where each song is a different band. (Address obscure).

I believe that **NEW ELECTRIC RIOT** is the **Go-Devils** with a different name, and yes, they are new and improved. Natalie's songs are louder and more rockin' than before. Her voice sounds better, too. Must be those genius guys at JCDC studios. (#201-2775 Pine Street, Vancouver, BC, V6J 4T5)

SAL VOLATILE, aka Lorne MacDonald, is one of those moody types. His voice is slow and deep on the experimental tracks, and when he sings "She's Got Ways," he sounds convincingly tormented. (#7-910 E. Broadway, Vancouver, BC, V5T 1Y4)

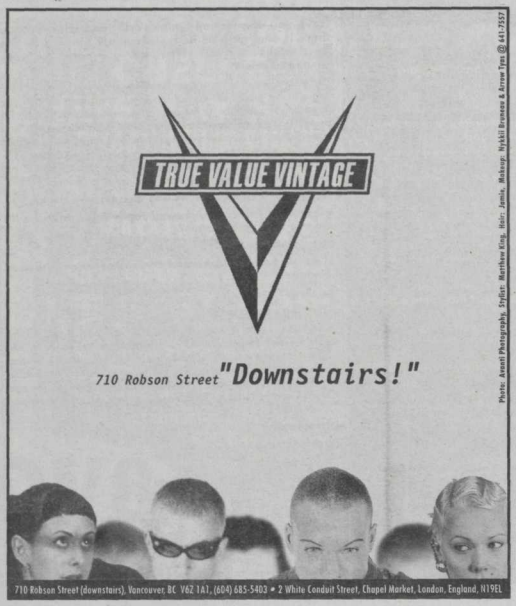
Because **ADRI** uses technology to make sounds for her, it's difficult to tell whether or not she's filled with angst. I feel kind of nervous listening to the sound of a dripping tap, and I can't predict what other noises Adri's going to pull out of her electro-hat, but it's not scary, it's like a science fiction movie. <www.mineralmusic.com>

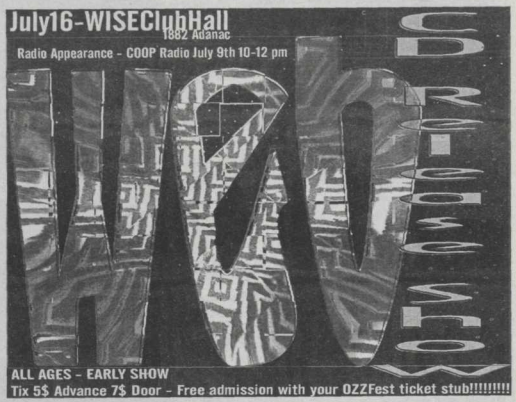
After listening to the second tape I received from **BELLE BÊTE**, they sound a lot better than the first time I heard them. I think it's probably because of all the junk I listened to in between the two sessions, but I guess it's also because Adam writes some nice indie pop tunes. <thehive@axionet.com>

Feel free to send your scary, terrible, screaming demo tapes to me, but keep your pictures and life stories to yourselves until I write you a fan letter asking for your autograph.•

HAPPINESS by miyu

You know
you're alone when
you can't find anyone in
yourself.





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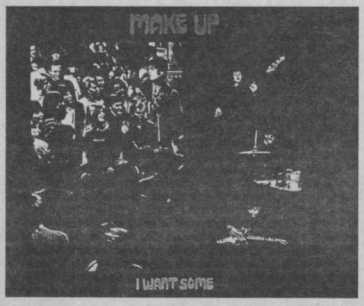

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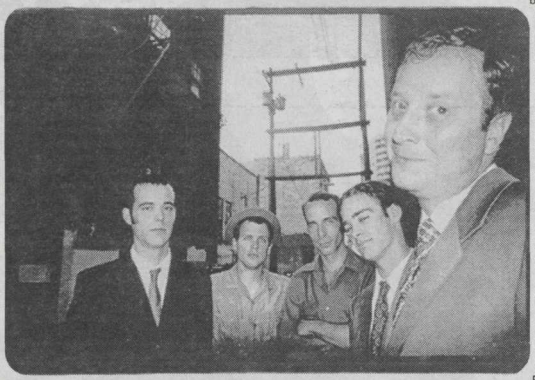
THE MOLESTICS

BY QUENTIN WRIGHT

According to commentators in our weekly listings magazines, the quality of Vancouver's nightlife has taken a nosedive recently. Although seemingly refuted by events sections which list tons of gigs, festivals, etc., it is certainly true that the city has lost some great live venues. With old folks still grumbling at the closure of the (yawn) Commodore, local musicians miss venues like the Niagara, the Malcolm Lowry Room, the Press Club, the Glass Slipper, the Hungry Eye, the Town Pump, and the Gate — gone since the Ballroom shut its doors. Apparently the Molestics have had enough. Vancouver's celebrated purveyors of deep fried trad jazz and musical hokum are relocating en masse to Toronto, in search of a climate more favourable to professional musicians.



Guitarist Sam Petite explains: "We're leaving because there's no gigs here. That's the number one reason. We knew that staying in Vancouver was going to be a problem eventually because it just wasn't a good enough town for bands." Although claiming that his personal reason for the move east is flight from lost love, vocalist and trumpeter Mike Soret concurs with his bandmate: "There's been a huge decrease in the amount of showbars. There's been waves of places shutting down and no new places opening up."

By playing about one hundred gigs a year and conducting band business themselves, the Molestics are fairly unusual in that they are able to make a living from music. Apart from the recent lack of venues, Mike explained how the attitude of some club owners leaves many bands feeling short-changed and may have contributed to the speedy demise of Lounge. Of course, it was not only the bands that were left feeling ripped off by the Lounge scene. Lounge originally provided a platform for an eclectic and crazy collection of bands, djs, comedians and general extroverts; however, customers stampeded for the exit when the invasion of the Swing Nazis saw the "anything goes" formula of jazz, kitsch pop, film music, and easy listening replaced by a totalitarian regime of jump blues and dance lessons.

Along with the Colorifics and Ray Condo and the Ricochets, the Molestics' philosophically irreverent yet musically sincere attitude defined Vancouver's lamented lounge scene. As an insider, Mike's take on the death of lounge is spot-on. "I always compared it to the origins of punk. I don't know what the real origins of punk were in England, but in Winnipeg [his home town], at first it was 'Oh, Punk! It means you can do anything you want!' and you'd have all these kind of Dadaist bands who would come out and do the most bizarre stuff. Then later it was, 'No, no, this is what punk is — everyone has to play like this.' And everyone did. But swing was a little quicker for getting orthodox because it was fuelled by the patrons rather than the artists. That was kind of a shame — it would've been nice if it had stayed bizarre. The swing franchise includes 100 typical CDs and that's all. It's all Frank Sinatra, Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and five or six other daddies. No Count Basie, no Duke Ellington, and no Benny Goodman."

Fortunately, by not aligning themselves with any music scene in particular, the Molestics draw possibly the broadest range of fans in town. However, although they beautifully re-create the pre-war jazz stomp our great-grandparents fell in love to, the Molestics' presentation — which lurches from lighthearted to anarchic — finds little favour with the jazz fraternity. Sam: "Everyone in the band shared feelings of wanting to play jazz in an unpretentious way, as the popular music it was in the '20s and '30s rather than the intellectual music it became in the '40s and '50s. We learn directly off those old records and we don't try to modernize [but] we've had some terrible gigs with jazz fans. We opened for Kate Hammet Vaughn once at the Austin Hotel [now the Ramada Inn] and we didn't go over well with her fans or with her." "Well, she said she liked us but we didn't believe her," continues Mike. "We couldn't buy a jazz gig now. Slim Gaillard [scat singer, musician and comedian who appeared in Kerouac's *On The Road*] was totally ignored by the jazz scene because he had a sense of humour, but he and his sidemen played with Charlie Parker. The musicians didn't mind — it was the academics that came along afterwards." "Some people want to push Cab Calloway out of the canon too," says Sam, "and he's an unparalleled singer." "Must be the Hi-de-hi-de-hi's," guessed Mike. "We don't get the big write ups in the paper — we get ignored by the press. The Straight just wrote some catty thing about us: 'music without a social conscience' or something like that. That was so ill-informed and so annoying."

"The writers are hippies," reckons Sam. "Most people in the press had a bad attitude to lounge and swing when it came along because it was a threat to rock — not sincere enough or something. Also, we were perceived as being a cover band. Well, there's not going to be a cover of [Bob Wills'] 'Spanish Two-Step' from anyone else in town. All bands used to be cover bands to a certain extent. Before recorded music, every place that wanted to have music had to have a band and the band had to learn the hundred or so tunes that everyone wanted to hear. Then they would gradually learn to play their own tunes, rather than sitting in a basement with three of your friends trying to come up with music that nobody's ever played before. I think that's an unnatural way to do things."

This is an issue which the Molestics are more than qualified to comment on. Their formidable repertoire consists of around one hundred and twenty songs, of which thirty are originals. Of course, most of the covers will be totally unfamiliar to all but the most rabid fans of early jazz, ragtime, hillbilly or calypso.

Mike explains their approach to songwriting: "You can't just sit in your basement and become an original philosopher or an illiterate writer. It's an unreasonable expectation, and you come up with things out of your ass — it ends up being less original. You have to look into your genre and research the field. What the hell's wrong with being a research band anyway? Aren't there enough boring originals out there?"

It goes without saying that the Molestics have always been one of the most unique bands in the city and it was to Vancouver's credit that such a strange and wonderful band could form and flourish here. Their departure is perhaps one of the most telling signs that our live music scene is not what it once was, and without the mighty Molestics, it will continue to sicken. Still, we must thank them for four years of fabulous music and many great nights. They have always been number one in a field of one, and there is no doubt that, in Toronto, their freak flag will continue to fly alone. Their absence in Vancouver will be felt by music fans and musicians across the board. Brooding on the breakup of a long-term relationship, however, Mike does not quite see it that way: "My sole and only reason for leaving is lost love — this is a good way to run away. I think the scene is getting a little bored of us and people will be glad to see the back of us and that's fine. We'll do our routine somewhere else. The policy is that it's good to travel, but I'm not going to die for this stuff. If it ever stops making money I'm not going to do it. It's fun to do for a living and it's fun to be popular but if it's not popular and it's not making a living then it will stop. It's too bad about all the clubs closing. A society can't survive without its culture. If you pull up all the weeds then the fish will go away and that's what's happening in Vancouver."•

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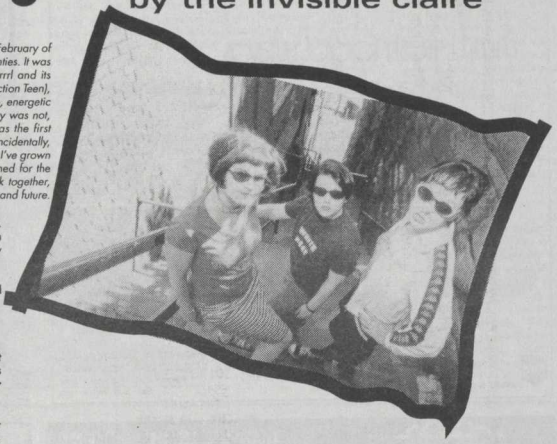

When Molly Neuman, Erin Smith and Allison Wolfe played their first show as Bratmobile in February of 1991 (with Bikini Kill and Some Velvet Sidewalk), they were in their late teens and early twenties. It was a crazy time to be young, female, and idealistic: when the media latched on to riot grrrl and its associated fanzine network (which included, at that time, Molly and Allison's Girl Germs and Erin's Action Teen), Bratmobile became something more than three university students trying to have fun playing primitive, energetic punk pop. Misrepresentation, oversimplification, and excess hype ensued. The media feeding frenzy was not, however, completely negative in its effects; Pottymouth, released by Kill Rock Stars in 1993, was the first independent record I ever bought. Like many other teenaged girls, I was turned on to Bratmobile and, incidentally, to independent music and "third wave" feminism by the influential (and now defunct) teen mag Sassy. I've grown up; so have the members of Bratmobile. After a hiatus of several years (during which Molly drummed for the Peechees and Allison and Erin kicked out the jams with the Cold Cold Hearts), the Brats are back together, touring and writing songs. I had the briefest of brief chats with Molly about Bratmobile's past, present, and future.

***DiSCORDER*: I was wondering what your motivation was for getting Bratmobile back together now as opposed to before or later?**

Molly: Well, our other bands had broken up, so we were all kind of left wondering what we were going to do, and we just happened to be in the right place at the right time, and the spirit was right. When we started talking about it in a kind-of kidding, joking way, it turned into an actual reasonable idea. So basically we just decided to take it slow and see how it went. We had a meeting, and then we got together in February to practise and try to write songs. That was one of the main things we wanted to do, was to make up new songs, work on having — since we've all kind of grown as musicians and as people — to push the boundaries a little bit. Our old music was kind of specific to a period in our lives and we wanted to make [our new music] reflective of where we are now, too.

So the Peechees and the Cold Cold Hearts have broken up?

Yeah.

I know a problem for you in the past was that you all lived in different parts of the country. Are you all [together now]?

No. Well, they [Allison and Erin] are together and I'm not. But that's all right, it's no biggie ... They live in Washington, DC.

Have you noticed that you're getting a bit of a different reception these days than you used to back in the early '90s?

We haven't really played that many shows yet to be able to say for sure. Everything's been pretty positive so far.

[In] *The Real Janelle* liner notes you talk about being represented and misrepresented in the media and how that was a big obstacle for you and [how] the only way you really had a voice was by putting out records and doing shows. What did you mean by misrepresentation?

Well that was also a specific time where things had taken on their own life force... It was so strange and it just didn't come from our own [mouths], there was just this big reduction of what we thought we were doing into little compartments and boxes. That was really not totally accurate of what we were, of who we were as people. It was because people were excited that girls were doing music, and it was kind of controversial that we were talking about political ideas or whatever.

What were some of the things that you were focused on then that maybe you aren't as focused on these days, in songwriting?

I don't know, that might be a little hard to answer. We're not really thinking in those terms, like "what we did then versus what we do now." We're just trying to do what we're doing now in a really honest way for ourselves in a way that is enjoyable versus conflicted. We were young and it was our first band and we had to learn a lot of things that nobody told us. We had to figure everything out for ourselves. Part of that was our own doing — we wanted to be in charge of what we were learning. We wanted to be in total control, but the negative side of that was that we had to figure all of these things out on our own, and we made a lot of mistakes and struggled through a lot of emotional situations that [were] really just, like, growing up, but it was public because we were a band. But now, it's not really so much of a concern because we're older, more competent, we understand the industry better, and we understand what we're trying to achieve better — which is just really simple. We're not trying to tour or be huge, we're trying to have fun and do what seems smart. Those are the differences, not like any kind of agenda. The agenda, I guess, is different in that way, but it's maybe a little less intense or lofty.

So you've changed, but has your audience changed? Is it perhaps a little older now?

No, they're not. A lot of the people who went to our shows on the east coast were, like, really young. People that didn't get to see us when we were [first] around, because we didn't tour very much anyway.

You toured England several years ago, I believe. What was that like?

That was wild, we toured with Huggy Bear and Heavenly, it was romantic and sad and drunk and sober (I was sober, they were drunk!)

All you Sassy-reading, gum-chewing former teen goddesses will have a chance to pretend you're 15 again when Bratmobile play the Pic Pub in Vancouver (with the Evaporators and Tennessee Twin) on July 11th. Oh yes.

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BY JULIE COLERO

Hi, I'm Julie. I'm new. I promise to do my utmost to keep you folks informed of all the latest wax creations making waves at the station and other distant rock arenas (my living room, for example). If you don't take my written word for it, you can listen to me play all this stuff on alternate Wednesdays at 7:30 pm on CiTR 101.9 fM. Like any good aspiring indie-rockster (I try hard), I like to dance to the crazy fly sounds coming from my stereo; I just hate slowing up every 3-5 minutes to flip sides. I hope you will all get to shaking your bits to some of these new records, but remember — keep the vibe in check, so as not to make the record skip!

THE CATHETERS are a pack of young hooligans who showcase their stuff on a three-song release for Northwest label Empty. Derek from the **Murder City Devils** played with these guys at one point (and makes sure to wear their T-shirts a lot) so they must be cool, right? Right. Fresh out of high school, these boys know how to kick out the jams. The B-side, "The Kids Know How To Rock," is a gritty, catchy song that proves that, even if something has been done a million times, it can still be done well. (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102)

And now, some classy copycats. Oh, maybe that's not the nicest way to introduce the new **NORTH OF AMERICA** 7", but it's certainly accurate. I thought these Eastern-Canadian boys sounded like **Pavement** when I heard their full-length, and this new offering hasn't done much to alter either the sound or my opinion. Maybe it's just the vocals. This band does play around with dynamics on the songs offered up here, and has some excellent start 'n' stall type tunes with a touch of the weepies to them. (Montesano, PO Box 243, Bellingham, WA, 98227-0243)

Bring on the pop! **TRINITONE** is an upbeat band with squeeky-boy vocals and a surplus of good feelings flowing freely all over the record player. This record is my ideal picnic disc; I could take it out, enjoy it with some friends, and then let it melt in the sun! All we'd be left with would be pleasant memories of a record we didn't have a chance to get sick of. (Drive-In, PO Box 888211, Grand Rapids, MI, 49588)

Next up on the Wheel O' Pop (that's the turntable, silly!) is **THE LUCKSMITHS**. These Australian popsters have gained a bit of a following here after showcasing their "songs for thinkers" a few times in the flesh. The clever pop they play has been compared to **Belle & Sebastian**, but I beg to differ. The Lucksmiths are awfully slow at times, and the songs tend to border on the tedious. They're cute, but not nearly catchy enough. I demand perfection — or, at the very least, a memorable chorus! The best song on this release is "Beer Nut," a pub chant tune with a bit of backbone and some fun to it. The other two songs, in my opinion, are just too wussy. (Matinee, PO Box 76302 Washington DC 20013)

And now, two fine bands which illustrate perfectly my newly invented musical term — dre(a)mo. **THE HADES KICK** do it like the best of the boys with their *Compass Leads 7"*: shouting and breathing funny and trying to win the hearts of the wealthy suburban "punk" girls in the front row. These kids need to learn how to play their instruments a bit better before they put anything else out, though. (Thick As Thieves, PO Box 7774, Austin, TX, 78713)

Better dre(a)mo is brought to you by **READYMADE** on their *The Block Alone* release, out recently on Winnipeg's Endearing Records. The A-side is a dreamy pop tune with muffled drums and strange reverb, while the B-side is a dynamic instrumental with a bit too much synth weirdness at the end. This at times felt like the **Magnetic Fields** without all the good bits — still, definitely better than most things I've listened to lately. (Endearing, PO Box 69009, Winnipeg, MB, R3P 2G9)

THE CHUBBIES are two girls who certainly know how to rock it; their new single proves they've got style. "When I Was Your Girlfriend" is a fun, fast garage rock song with alternately gruff and sweet vocals — this is good. The B-side, however, is way better. These girls do a great cover of a tune from the '70s that I recognized from my old *Dazed and Confused* soundtrack tape, a little something called "Fox on the Run"(possibly, probably by **Sweet**). This is the best song I've ever heard the Chubbies do — and they've done many. They're on Sympathy For The Record Industry, the record label that just keeps on giving. Another bonus is the stellar artwork, done by Chubbie Christene. (Remedial, PO Box 84811, Austin, TX, 78768)

THE ESSEX GREEN is a band comprised of some **Ladybug Transistor** kids, and they make poptastic sounds. Good, good music. Genuine pop, the way it's supposed to sound and feel. The four songs on this release are quite diverse: at times goofy, at times sly and sexy, but always very, very cool. You gain mad indie cred points if you like this stuff. That's why I like it — I've been running low on cred this last while, thanks to my new **Backstreet Boys** mousepad! Essex Green are neat. That's what I heard. (Sudden Shame, 2 Cypress Lane, Essex Jct. VT 05452) •

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GARAGE Shock

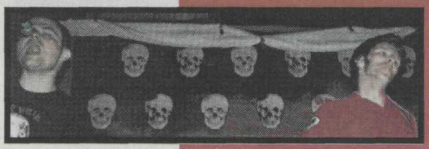
Bryce Dunn
(author)
Marj Hosick
(photos)

After the smoke cleared and the dust settled from 1997's tenth anniversary blowout, was Estrus Records and the town of Bellingham ready for yet another global invasion of rock and roll bands (and their equally rabid fans) terrrorizing the locals, drinking their beer, and stealing their women? Well, it took a while to re-group, but over the May long weekend eighteen combos broke the sound barrier, shocking and amazing those of us fortunate enough to make the journey from as far away as Japan and as near as Vancouver. What follows is a detailed account of what transpired, so put your hands together for the rock 'n' roll riot and enjoy the show!

My intrepid photographer Mary and I spent a nearly sleepless Thursday night trying to figure out why our lovely automobile decided to call it a day, sending us into a state of panic. By 9:30 am Friday we solved that crisis but were soon faced with another: getting to Bellingham by 11:30 am so that we could join the throngs already lined up, ready to buy tickets for the first night's festivities. We picked up our still-drunk-from-the-night-before-and-paying-for-it-now travelling companion Sean and, by the grace of God, rolled in front of the fabulous 3-B Tavern at noon, purchased our tickets and breathed a collective sigh of relief. We saw some old faces from England, Spain, San Francisco and Green Bay while meeting some new faces from Chicago, Germany, and Seattle. After the introductions we chowed down on some great Mexican food, then rested in our motel until showtime.

First on tonight's bill was **THUNDERCRACK** from France. These guys definitely pack a wallop with their R&B based garage punk, continuing the fine legacy of bands making a mark from that country lately. Toward the end of their set the lead guitarist had enough of his guitar, flung it down in a rage and picked up a harmonica to wail on like a man possessed. Next were Calgary via Bavaria brats the **VON ZIPPERS** who scorched the stage with their patented '77-style punk rock'n'roll. No keyboard antics from the honorary Von Zipper known simply as 'Tomb'; rather, a great dismantling of 'Summertime Blues' closed out their boot-stomping party. It seemed eerily coincidental that Newcastle, England's bruisers the **COYOTEMEN** played next, considering they shared the same musical taste, but no matter. The masked men pounded out a quick set of tunes that had the impact of a flying elbow off the top rope and was over before you could do the three-count. Just in time too, because up next was the **MONKEYWRENCH**, a surprise addition to the show — and what a treat it was. The last time they got together was seven (!) years ago, but you wouldn't have known it as they cranked out maximum punk 'n' blues hits like 'Call My Body Home', 'Look Back' and **Redd Kross'** 'Notes And Chords Mean Nothing To Me' which took on a whole new meaning when guitarist Tim Kerr played half their set with his unknowingly busted amplifier! Speaking of maximum punk 'n' blues, the band you don't want to meet in a dark alley, San Francisco's **ZEN GUERRILLA** was positively on with scissor-kickin', wailin' preacher-like vocalist Marcus Durant in full 7'0" form (and that's including his hair). Not to be outdone, guitarist Rich Millman sprayed a salvo of licks upon the salivating crowd and the rhythm section of Carl Horne and Andy Duvall held the fort shut like a steel trap, no beats were getting in 'cuz they were all coming out of Zen Guerrilla. Closing Friday's spectacle were the sci-fi surf sounds of **Man...or Astro-man?** and of all the times that I've seen them they've never blistered through a set like they did here. They later conceded to me that copious amounts of Earth beer buzzing through their tiny alien bodies acted like a kind of jet propulsion system, making them (and me) blast off into the night.

Coyotemen



Thundercrack

Von zippers

Landing back on solid ground the next morning, many of us spent Saturday scouring the town's cool record shops, thrift stores, enjoying the sights or chillin' in our respective cribs. We were certainly going to need the rest, as tonight was considered by many to have the strongest line-up of the weekend. Kickstarting the dance party was Helsinki, Finland's **FLAMING SIDEBURNS** who had everybody moving to the big bass sounds. The singer had this **Sonics**-meets-**Prince** thing going on vocally and stylistically, and at one point in the show had the entire audience crouched down until he gave the signal to rise and respect the rock. Instantly I thought: **Nardwuar**, you've met your match! The **SEWERGROOVES**, from Stockholm, took the stage next with a familiar face behind the drumkit (that being Robert Hellacopter), and they rocked in a good **Kiss/Motorhead** kind of way. Their songs seemed a lot faster than I remembered from their record, *Three Time Losers*. Returning to American soil were the **INSOMNIACS**, whose set wasn't as memorable as their 1997 show, but they still proved to be the masters of mod-pop. After their set, the bassist from the Sewergrooves saw me in the washroom and, mistaking me for one of the Insomniacs, almost tried to kiss me as he drunkenly slurred, "You guys are the beshtt!" Yikes! I escaped just in time for **SUGAR SHACK**. The Houston, Texas powerhouse could do no wrong. These guys (and gal, who astounded more than a few people by beating her drums into oblivion) do garage punk right: straightahead, no-nonsense and full of hooks. Showcasing some new tunes as well as old faves, Sugar Shack had Sean & I wiggin' out like wildmen, and with two more bands still to play, it was getting hotter by the second. So, a quick breath of fresh air and back in time for the **NOMADS.** A more solid rock and roll band you will not find. The Nomads belong to that rare breed of band which can hit the stage without schtick, gimmicks or fanfare and just simply blow you away. With over ten years of consistently good rock under their belts, it's a sure thing to have their latest testament of good times, *Big Sound 2000*, in your collection. With the **HELLACOPTERS** on last, I was ready to exert my last remaining ounce of energy on them so I planted myself right at the front. It was sonic bliss from beginning to end. Rock moves were traded, hair was flailed, and hands were constantly in the air. Those who survived the onslaught went home happy, with ears ringing like church bells.

I awoke Sunday morning with my ears still burning, but capable of picking out sounds from the TV. Mary had woken early with the Cartoon Network blaring, and I didn't mind one bit. After checking out of our incredibly comfy digs we attempted to check out a vintage car show down by the bay, but, with traffic snarled due to so many tourist-types leaving, we bailed and settled for the relative quiet in front of the club. Sunday's turnout had thinned a little bit but there were definitely bands on this bill worth sticking around for. Unfortunately, **WATTS** was not one of them. This band is made up of ex-**Mono Men** crew and, suffice it to say, I wasn't that thrilled by them. Next was Japan's **ESTRELLA 20/20**. I never thought I'd say this about Japanese rock 'n' roll, but these guys should have stayed home. I ordinarily love bands that can do the whole lo-fi **Gories**-style primitive slop, but this trio needs some fine tuning. The **GIMMICKS** strutted on up and proceeded to let no one forget their name, screaming it out every chance the singer got. Got it the first time, thanks pal. After three songs that sounded the same and an awful version of the **Rolling Stones'** classic "Brown Sugar," I walked out. Thank God for the **FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM**. Super-charged from the get-go, this is a band that puts on a stellar live show: guitar jams and all the bombastic bass and drums you can handle, they lifted my spirits quite nicely. Nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing would have prepared me for what I was about to witness next. The **QUADRAJETS** came, saw, and left a pile of shattered rubble that used to be a club behind. These guys were a freakin' circus, not a band. Three guitars, a man-mountain for a bassist, and a drummer who could not keep still even if you crazy-glued him to his drum stool, blasting out Southern-fried rock 'n' roll. It was sheer pandemonium. No Quadrajets members were actually left on stage by the end as they all had jettisoned themselves off — to be replaced by members of some of the other bands that had played prior to the volcanic eruption that spat out those Alabama demons. It was crazy! Finally, the **LORD HIGH FIXERS** clambered on to the remains of the stage and busted out the greatest bluesy, garage rock noise I've been lucky enough to witness. Fun was of the utmost importance to them and they had me hook, line and sinker. I was going positively ape-shit, singing every word, holding up guitarist Tim Kerr and singer Mike Caroll whenever they fell into the audience, and I narrowly missed getting decked in the head by Tim's guitar when he threw it like a missile into the crowd. Now that's what rock'n'roll is all about: taking your lumps but coming away with the knowledge that you have done something to participate, you have added to the energy, passion and excitement that was Garageshock '99.

Video Philter

BY TANIA BOLSKAYA

I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend ... This I do not dwell upon; because the state of doom which attended these gorgeous spectacles ... cannot be approached by words.
— Confessions of an English Opium Eater, Thomas DeQuincey, *1821*

Whether drawn into spiking the needle home ourselves or just taking a vicarious joyride, the drug lifestyle has long been a part of our decadent culture. Early cinema, operating with no restrictions except the tastes of the theatre-going public and the occasional protest by "concerned citizens", dove into drugs as lustily as it did into bathing beauties, sex, larceny, and other Hollywood vices. After the Hays Production Code made up all those rules, smack, blow, and maryjane took a lengthy hiatus from the silver screen. Once in a while, a morality tale was allowed to sneak its hilariously overwrought self through and into theatres, but no one openly had fun shooting up, smoking, snorting or popping for over three cinematic decades. In life, there is always a glorious irony, and in this story it can be found in the fact that the Hays Code was lifted in the 1960s, just when America was learning how to Freak Out, Baby! en masse.

Since the supposed nirvana of those heady Summer-of-Drug times, there's been a helluva lot of illegal substance abuse in the name of cinematic art. From the doom-and-gloom of ***Rush*** to the ridiculousness of ***The Basketball Diaries*** to the space trip of ***Easy Rider*** to the squirm of ***Trainspotting*** to the joyride of ***Drugstore Cowboy***, drugs have gone full frontal in the movies.

Already on the shelves is a handy heroin double bill I recently rented from my man. ***GIA*** and ***ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE*** provide a whopping four hours of monkeys, backs and other assorted problems. The "true story" of a 1980's heroin-addicted punk lesbian supermodel, *Gia* was originally an HBO made-for-cable movie and it won its star, **Angelina Jolie**, a Golden Globe Award. I was hoping for something more than the usual morality lesson; in this case, the "more" seemed to involve softly lit lesbian sex scenes and an occasionally histrionic performance by Jolie. In films of this subject matter, an over-the-top performance is not always out of place; here the director's MTV jump-cut addiction overshadowed poor Gia's horse trouble. The result is the opposite of the obviously intended hard-edged realism. Equally out of place were montage sequences which used lighting and film stock seemingly lifted from a **Whitesnake** video. By contrast, **Larry Clark**'s *Another Day in Paradise* — the sweet tale of an older, junkie couple who "adopt" a younger, more mildly addicted twosome and teach them the ways of thieving, boozing and shooting (both guns and up) — comes across as the rational parent to Gia's star-struck teen. Nothing seems inexplicable or strained, and the performances, especially by maligned ex-starlet **Melanie Griffith** and the always-watchable, ever-creepy **James Woods**, are superb. This was all to be expected given Clark's filmic debut, ***Kids***, and his own long relationship with the needle. What was unexpected, and received with dismay, was the clichéd, drug-movie ending. I hate to give away endings, even bad ones, so I'll just get you to imagine what happens. Rent the movie for the lead performances and watch your visions come to life.

If you're built for speed and find all those needles a little too phallic, the tinsel-town "exposé" ***HURLYBURLY*** is another flawed-but-interesting drug journey. **Kevin Spacey** and **Sean Penn** are Hollywood players who also happen to be coke fiends into sex with teenaged runaways. The biggest shock is (gasp!) they're shallow. Spacey and Penn make this a no-brainer rent for a quick, if sometimes painful, insider tour of Southern California sleaze. However, if you have an aversion to hearing Oscar-winning former child stars like **Anna Paquin** saying things like, "So do you want to fuck me or anything?", maybe *Hurlyburly* is not your nickel bag.

Lastly, a word of caution. There are bad men out there who want your money. They don't care about you, they only want to get you hooked and then keep you coming back for more. Yes, I'm talking about irresponsible documentary filmmakers.

Nick Broomfield has made a career out of chasing infamous women around America for the "true story" on their notoriety. Recently, Mr. Broomfield became famous himself when he decided that his next subjects would be everyone's favourite '90s junkies, Kurt Cobain and Courtney Love. However, it seems that Ms. Love was adverse to being portrayed as either the instigator in her husband's suicide or the culpable party in his murder. The pressure of a very rich woman and a legal battle ensued — to block the film and to make sure no **Nirvana** or **Hole** music was used. Of course, this is used in the film by Broomfield to point fingers at Love and hide within the free speech diaper that crap like Jerry Springer usually falls into. To be clear, I am an advocate of free speech, the responsible use of drugs, and documentary film in general. I have always thought that Courtney Love was a big fat phony with little or no musical talent. That aside, ***KURT AND COURTNEY*** is a barrage of unreliable witnesses who fling innuendo and speculation at the behest of a truth-starved Englishman named Nick Broomfield and at the expense of a woman against whom they all seem to have a grudge. *Kurt and Courtney* is shoddy journalism passing as media candy. Like the brown acid, it's bad. I recommend you just stay away •

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Buyer Beware: the Cannanes are hitting town

by Scot Brewer

It has finally happened. After some ten or fifteen years of existence, the Cannanes are finally making it to Canada to play a show. Those of us living in Vancouver are lucky indeed, for we will have the opportunity to see one of the finest examples of pop music around, something no one else in Canada will get the chance to do without venturing south of the border to that strange and frightening place called the USA. If you haven't heard of the Cannanes, don't feel bad. It would appear that most music fans in Australia, their home country, haven't either. In one form or another, the Cannanes have been spoiling pop fans with their music for twelve years now. From "Bored, Angry and Jealous" (named single of the year by the NME) to their most recent release (a split 12" with Timonium) on the Black Bean and Placenta Tape Club label, the Cannanes have been pleasing ears with their delightfully unique and happy pop music. When it comes to music, description is almost always futile. However, some other people have tried, with evocative results:

> To describe The Cannanes for you, in a single image, would be this: James Joyce in exile from his beloved homeland writing *Ulysses* on scraps of newspaper.
>
> Richard Vogt, *OTS*, August '96

> Plaintive music about the limits of dreams, the Cannanes are a Ken Loach movie for your ears.
>
> Ann Powers, *Village Voice*, March '96

Now let's talk line-up. Like I said, this is a band that has been around for quite a while, although by taking a quick look at any two of their releases you will find that the line up has been in continuous flux. Band members seem to change every other day, so I began my e-mail questionnaire by asking vocalist Frances Gibson who would be coming to Vancouver.

***DISCORDER:* What is the line up that is coming to Canada?**

Well, it's myself, Stephen O'Neil [guitar and occasional vocals], our bass player Andrew Coffey, Adam Garcia and Adam Hervey from Timonium on drums and guitar respectively.

As I have mentioned, the Cannanes are from Australia, to be more precise they are from Sydney (if you want to get picky they are from Newtown, but let's not get picky, okay?)

For the last six months or so Stephen and Fran have been living it up in New York City.

What have you been up to in New York?

Well, I have been a visiting scholar at New York University Law School, going to court and trying to get a handle on the US legal aid system, which has a few crises going on at the moment. Stephen has been desperately trying to do some recording under difficult circumstances [i.e. no stuff, no computer, etc.] We have been lucky enough to do some [recording] with Steve Hermann, who used to be in Sukpatch and is a genius. We're hoping to have a record out on Slabco as a result of that and we also did some stuff with Matt Galloway from Saturnine and Chris Ziter from Essex Green, which was fun. Stephen has been tracking down all the bands from the early '80s: Ramones in various formations, Blondie, Hugh Cornwall, the Creatures, etc. We have seen a lot of pop music stuff; some good, some not so hot. I think Silver Scooter, from Texas, were my favourites. We have been to a lot of bars and parties and spent a lot of time on the D train to Brooklyn.

So now that we know what they have been up to, don't you think it's about time we found out exactly what they are doing next?

Are you going back to Australia for good after this or are you going to try and stay in the States for a little bit longer?

We've been here for almost 6 months and our visas [are running] out, so we are going home via Tokyo where we [will be] playing a couple of shows. I actually want to go home. New York is a great city, but Sydney is easier to live in and less frustrating in many ways.

And now that you are intrigued by the Cannanes and their music, I can tell you'd love to find out exactly what is happening for them in the future, recording-wise. First, go out and buy everything you can lay your hands on (which, I might add, is quite a challenge, as finding all their full-length albums is tricky enough. Don't even mention the ridiculous quantity of 7"s and compilation tracks!) To help you with your hunt, I asked them:

What do you have coming up in the future (tours, records, etc.)?

Well, we should have a new CD coming out in a couple of months and another couple of records I think two months of touring will do us for a while. I just feel like going to the beach and lounging 'round the house. Stephen is desperate to get back to his recording stuff and being able to play the guitar loudly at home.

If you have read this far and are thinking to yourself "I find it strange that the Cannanes sound so good but have never toured Canada and given me the chance to see them live," that makes two of us!

Is this the first time you will be in Canada? If so, do you have any idea of what you are expecting?

Well, I did go across the border at Niagara Falls. I was just going to see what our drummer was up to and got to the border. The immigration officials asked us how long we wanted to stay, I said ten minutes but she gave us a six-month visa. I do not feel I am well acquainted with Canada as a result of this trip. I am sure it will be beautiful and interesting.

If you aren't doing anything on the 18th of July, go down to the Purple Onion and see them play with the delightful Timonium and Vancouver's own Bossanova. Go, see them, and be happy for a night.

(The quotes appearing in this article were stolen from the Cannanes homepage:
<http://www.dar.net/~cannanes>
Thank you to Fran for making time in her busy, busy schedule to answer my questions and to Mike from Black Bean and Placenta Tape Club for his help.)

Sunday, 7/18/99. Purple Onion, 15 Water Street (Vancouver, BC) with Timonium and Bossanova.

NEOTROPIC

BY JOVIAN FRANCEY

NEO- COMBINING FORM 1. NEW; RECENT; A MODERN FORM OF.
-TROPIC COMBINING FORM 1. CHANGING IN A PARTICULAR WAY IN RESPONSE TO STIMULUS.

Whether touring or waiting for a sound to emerge freshly processed from the machines in the studio of her London flat, Riz Maslen (a.k.a. neotropic) is always listening for the music of the environment. From early collaborations with Future Sound of London to her releases as Small Fish with Spine and neotropic, an intuitive understanding of modern music and its history has provided the foundations of her alien, often surreal sound construction. From the drifting ether of ambient to the pumped-up bass and breakbeats of hip-hop, familiar musical elements are disassembled and given new context. Riz keeps pushing herself to change, to grow, to avoid categorization. "With every album you have to reinvent your sound and yourself," she confirms. Her music is also about change. Her success comes from infusing challenging music with structures and sounds that suggest the oscillations of human emotion.

Mr. Brubaker's Strawberry Alarm Clock, Riz's recent full-length on the ntone label, is full of treacherous turns between shimmering beauty, brooding textures, and blasts of mangled percussion. Though richly produced and informed by new studio techniques, *Mr. Brubaker's ...* is a chaotic, harsher trip than found in the murky depths and gentle insinuations of neotropic's first LP, 1997's *15 Levels of Magnification*. A music press eager to "personalize" musicians saw the mood swing originating from the end of Riz's seven-year relationship with Future Sound of London cofounder Brian Dougans. Riz acknowledged the influence as she spoke by phone from Los Angeles, but she insists details aren't necessary to understand the music. "We all have relationships and we all break up. I used *Brubaker* as kind of a therapy session. I don't really believe in going in and seeing someone and talking about it. Emotions are very much part of the way I write.

"Anyone can sit down at a computer and write music, but it's whether it's convincing enough and has that emotional aspect. Whatever you do on a particular day will be channeled through the music. That's putting you out in the open. That's what's happened with this album. I've bared my soul a bit. A lot of positive things have come out of the breakup and we still hang out. I'm going to go back and work with them [FSOL]. It's going to be fun because they have an amazing studio."

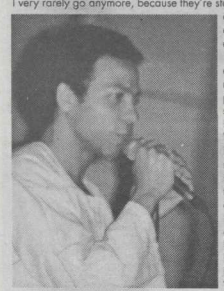
She'd prefer it if journalists listened for content rather than looked for dirt. "They have often have nothing more to say than how many drugs somebody's consumed in a night. Magazines like *NME* and *Melody Maker*, that I grew up with, that were my bible, have just sold out. They're tabloids now. There are only two or three magazines that actually talk about the music and I find that very disheartening. I think [some British music magazines] are just an excuse to put girls in slutty bras and fill pages with adverts. It's aimed at that mass market. I find the American press has a higher standard right now because they're actually concentrating on the music."

She admires artists like FSOL and Autechre for sustaining creative focus despite fickle coverage. "They build you up and up and up, and then when you do something that's not to their liking, they kick you in the balls. Living somewhere like London, it's very competitive. There's this tendency to label things and pigeonhole them and when that word becomes passé, you become passé too. I sometimes get the trip-hop label, or 'electronica' was a big one for a while."

Ten years ago the press wasn't a concern. It was the endless hours of brewing tea and running errands in studios that nearly exhausted her. She credits her contact with FSOL for giving her the confidence and motivation to pursue electronic production. "I knew how to use a lot of the equipment, but I was never given the opportunity to do it. It was really Brian and Gary [of FSOL] who gave me my first break." They also suggested that as a frequent listener of radio shows by label owners Coldcut, she should submit material to Ninja Tune and its offshoot, the experimental ntone.

Though technology intrigues her, gear is secondary to expression. Only recently did she upgrade her aging computer and sampler. The rest of her studio remains unchanged since 1997's *15 Levels*. "I'm a bit of a knob-twiddler, but you can make music with very little. I'm still using the same desk [mixer] I've been using for the past seven years and it was purely built for home recording. I use what I've got to its full potential. I've been in studios where they've had racks and racks of stuff they don't use. I ask 'why did you buy it?' and they say 'because it's the new thing.' Isn't that a bit silly if you never use it?"

Riz downplays the rarity of being a female electronic producer. "I would send out tapes and not tell them that I was a woman. I have a name that can be male or female." But as a female, she admits assertiveness is necessary. "That's what I'm very good at, saying 'what does that do? I'm here to learn, but I'm not here to be patronized because I'm a woman.' I've always had this drive to make myself be heard, but you don't get anything without putting something in. I've been doing this for ten years and I'm still learning new things every day. That's the beauty of the job. Women come up and ask me how to get started. All I can say is, 'Get in there. Bug these people. Get them to show you how. If you have to sit there with a notepad and write everything down, do it.' It is intimidating for a woman to go into those [musicians'] shops and find equipment. I very rarely go anymore, because they're staffed by these guys who are frustrated musicians and they take that out on you."



Riz was nearing the end of her tour with minimal dub practitioner Pole when she spoke to *Discorder*. Her previous visit to Vancouver, a stint with Ninja Tune's Stealth roadshow, saw her set sandwiched between the turntable gymnastics of hip-hop happy Ninjas. Riz was an outsider, anomalous for her complex, sometimes beatless music. "I love hip-hop and I love what Vadim and everyone else does. I appreciate the art form but when you hear about it 24 hours a day, it's just 'oh please, shut up.' A lot of the time I play to a more club or hip-hop crowd. It's up and down, and I'm very much into challenging people. If people appreciate it, that's great, but if they don't, I'm not going to force it. It's sometimes a shame that I get lumped in with the other Ninja artists, because it isn't always the best way of promoting myself. Ninja isn't just about hip-hop dance music. Ntone is the little sister label that gets no promotion. I'm the only one that's flying the flag." The response and the company, this time, has been better. "It's nice to be on tour with someone [Pole] who doesn't constantly ask 'do you have this break or that break?' that turntablists' speak."

Usually cynical New York surprised her with a positive response, and Montreal "was perfect because it was a multimedia event. I had a huge screen, I could show the movie, I could show the slides. Most of the crowd sat down. I love that. They're paying attention. When you're playing you usually hear people talking and I find that very distracting. In Montreal, the whole place was quiet. You could've dropped a pin. We've played with a lot of classical musicians and odd people. We did a gig with John Parish. I'm a real fan. And the [classical] venue works because people can sit there and engulf themselves in the visuals and the music."

Riz tries to keep performance malleable and spontaneous. "I'm a control freak! Only the running order is predetermined, because there is a whole visual element." At the Sonar show on June 13, large screens glowed with mesmerizing images crafted by Riz and Hextstatic, Coldcut's resident visualists, indicating the cinematic scope of her music, and "with the videos and the slides it takes the pressure off. I get nervous before every show. When that stops happening, I'll know I'm getting tired of it."

Ultimately, film is where she'd like to hear her music. "I'm going to be doing film stuff with some Canadian guys I met with in Montreal. They're very into getting a group together that they can take forward. They want to encourage everyone's input. I'm still very much a novice, but I love film, so to have that opportunity is really exciting. That's probably going to happen towards the end of the year."

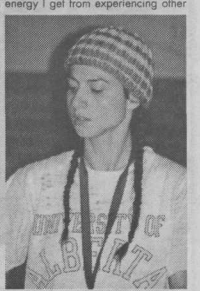
The future is less bright for Small Fish with Spine. Small Fish's label, Oxygen Music Works, suffered poor distribution, meaning the *Ultimate Sushi* EP became a rare delicacy for music buyers. "For me, Small Fish has gone back into the sea. Unfortunately that's what happens with a lot of smaller independent labels. They're so small that they don't have the resources to get in a promotion team."

The second half of her recent performances features friend, poet and singer, Paul Jason Fredricks (who appears on *Brubaker*'s "Insane Moon"). Onstage, she and Paul have an unspoken rapport and as he learns to temper his dramatic voice with restraint, he'll soon match the eloquent dynamics of Riz's instrumentation. "I've known Paul for a long time and touring has been the perfect opportunity to showcase his voice. He's more of an interface with the audience. The second half is very different from anything I've done before."

Riz's own voice is heard sampled throughout her own work and in FSOL's back-catalogue. "I've been writing a lot of songs recently, which is something I haven't done in a long time because I got disillusioned with songwriting [and] didn't want to put myself out there. Singing's a very personal thing for me. I really enjoy it, but I'm more into giving other people their spotlight."

Since working with Paul, more live instrumentation has crept into her work. "I've been lucky to find people who are very open-minded, who'll take it all in,..who aren't from a scene I've really been involved with." The flow of ideas between live musician and electronic composer energizes her. "I picked up the guitar again, which is something I haven't done since I was 15 or 16. So sitting there, plucking a guitar, writing songs is quite alien to me, but it opens up a lot of new directions, and to have people come in and interact totally takes it somewhere else."

"At the end of the day, I let the music do the talking. I'm no salesgirl. I'm not really an industry hangout person. I'd rather people come see it and make up their own minds. I do make the effort to speak to people who buy my records. It's nice to give them a personality, a face to the music they listen to. I'm grateful to people who buy my music. It's the way I was brought up. As tiring as touring can be, I always come back full of ideas. It's very inspirational traveling around. There's an energy I get from experiencing other cultures, meeting different people."



The original Strawberry Alarm Clock made hallucinogen spiked pop soundtracks for the 1960's. Riz has mixed feelings about the drug experimentation of that era and the chemicals that inspire many participants in the '90s electronic scene, but she does approve of experimenting with one's perspective on politics, media, art and music. It's that sense of unlimited possibility that pervades each composition, and rewards those who listen and seek the unexpected.

Printed Matters

BY KIRSTEN WEISENBURGER

CAROLYN CASSADY
Off the Road
(Penguin, 429 pp)

NEIL CASSADY
The First Third
(City Lights, 222 pp)

BRENDA KNIGHT
Women of the Beat Generation
(Conari, 341 pp)

What can a girl do when summer brings slavish devotion to the service industry? Read the Beat Poets. Yes, I know, I should be reading new, independent, Canadian fiction and exposing you all to the next struggling new local star ... maybe next month. But something about summer, and the Beats, is inextricable. Long warm evenings offer irresponsibility, and I dream about driving fast in that old heavy car, seated snugly between my Beat icons, **Kerouac** and **Cassady**. And when we drive that car into the ground, we'll just steal another, siphon some gas, and keep going.

It's reassuring to read about the Beat poets and realize that, like myself, most of them were still struggling at 28, without money or fixed address, and I feel better about my own indirection. But I wonder, if the Beat Poets were doing what they did then, now, would they achieve the same notoriety, or even have as much fun? Three generations since have taken a stab at Beatitude and the whole lifestyle of the road has become tired.

Indeed, when the days grow shorter, I will shun Jack and Neil like uncool teenage friends. I repent my summer endorphin rush, and it becomes apparent to me that the Beats had too much fun, weren't very nice to their girlfriends and, the most heinous Beat crime of all, some of them turned into hippies.

But for now, let's embark into some of the more peripheral Beat literature and refresh our tired souls with their raw energy and delight.

This summer's list begins with *Off the Road*, by **Carolyn Cassady**. A strong and talented woman, the former Mrs. Cassady lived in the nexus of the Beat universe. Carolyn Cassady charts her own progress form the naïveté of a young bride to the jaded mother who realizes that her husband is a gregariously charming, psychotic con man.

Much of *Off the Road* consists of letters, between the Cassadys, Kerouac, and **Ginsberg**. The sheer quantity, and the quality of correspondence between these four indicates how the early Beat voice evolved as a means of communication rather than the establishment of a distinct identity. Kerouac and Ginsberg wrote devotedly and openly to the Cassadys, sharing advice and mending the occasional rift. We are also privy, in *Off the Road*, to samples from Neil's letters written to Carolyn during his absences on the road or in jail.

Kerouac was also Carolyn Cassady's lover, while she was married to Neil. Interestingly, one of her memoir's idyllic phases transpires over several months in San Francisco while Carolyn is openly involved with both Beat icons (and doing their laundry), while the three share a house. Although she eventually resents being wife and mother to both men, Carolyn finds a missing emotional link via Kerouac which she is unable to attain with her wayward husband. Similarly, Kerouac becomes devoted to Carolyn for the duration of his life, writing her love letters and phoning her in despair during his last months.

Ultimately, however, *Off the Road* turns strange when Carolyn and Neil Cassady become dedicated followers of Edgar Cayce. Midway through her memoir, Carolyn's prose changes to a testimony of her trials and of her new faith. Although she finds a way to survive her marriage to a pathologically lying psychotic, the reader may have difficulty remaining engaged with her stories of past lives and psychics.

To stay with Carolyn Cassady, however, is to observe the Beat myth reach its logical conclusion. *Off the Road* closes with a heartbreaking loss of vitality as Carolyn Cassady, alone, learns of Neil Cassady's, and then Kerouac's demise. Her memoir ultimately, leaves behind it immense sadness. Perhaps, in writing, she is trying to distribute the burden of her grief.

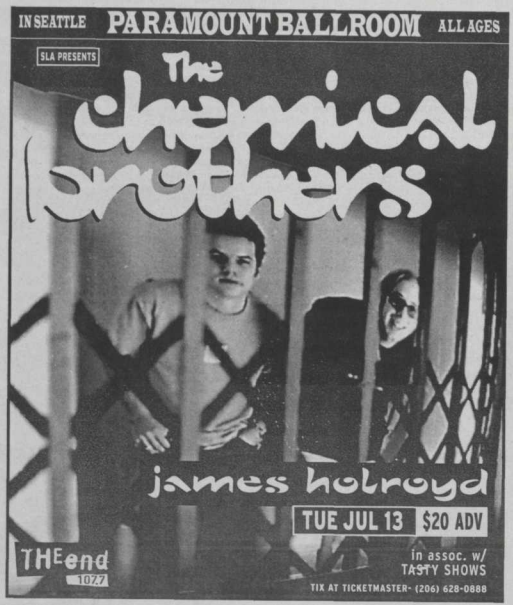
To accompany *Off the Road*, on our summer Beat reading venture, I recommend, of course, a reading of Kerouac's *On the Road*. Read it again, for the umpteenth time. And when taken in tandem with Carolyn Cassady's memoir, both books become doubly fascinating as we see Neil Cassady as Dean Moriarty in his other life (and with his other women), and of course we then understand what was really going on while Carolyn was pining at home with the kids.

Thirdly, pick up **Neil Cassady**'s autobiographical fragment *The First Third*. I now know why, as documented in *Off the Road*, Kerouac and Ginsburg constantly urged Neil Cassady to just sit still awhile and write; because Neil Cassady was one hell of a writer.

Before *The First Third* ends – – in mid-sentence –– we are treated to a classic piece of 1930s Americana seen through the perspective of a young child. Neil Cassady and his hobo father drift Denver and America's soup kitchens and flop houses. Dad drinks and Neil plays. *The First Third* is grotesque (and fun) in much the same vein as Jean-Claude Lauzon's film *Leolo*: a little boy adrift in an adult world, enjoying his innocence in the face of adult miseries.

Following the body of *The First Third* is a treasure trove of letters, fragments and reminiscences found among Neil Cassady's effects, compiled by Carolyn Cassady. Here we read Neil writing first hand on the things he loved: car theft, women, trains and Jack Kerouac. Indeed, the many outrageous portraits of Neil Cassady written by others ring true when we read him writing on himself.

And finally, so this beat summer read isn't all about boys, I offer up a refreshing anthology dedicated to the women so often on the periphery of the Beat cannon. *Women of the Beat Generation*, written and compiled by **Brenda Knight**, is a catalog of the lives and writing of women who were key figures in the scene. Each is given a brief introduction, and then left to speak for herself, in fiction, poetry, letters or memoirs. What results is a better rounded portrait of the Beat Generation. Although female Beats were published less and received less adulation as writers in their own right, there was a series of immensely dedicated and independent women who found their own kicks and were highly influential as part of the Beat underground. Some names will be familiar, others fresh, but each broke away from the constraints of formulaic 1950s society to work on her art and live the Beat life.•



Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

TRINA ROBBINS
From Girls to Grrrlz
(Chronicle Press)

From Girls to Grrrlz by **Trina Robbins** is divided into four chapters, spanning from 1941 to the present and encompassing everything female within the world of comics, from characters to creators. The first thing that grabbed me was the layout. Too many books on comics are short on full-colour graphics to back up their facts; odd, considering that the comic strip is such a visual medium. The extensive illustrations are also a bonus because the chances of seeing many of these comics are almost nil, due to the fact that some had small print runs and others were so popular that they were read until they fell apart.

Robbins manages to recount the history of girl comics and comics done by girls in a concise and unbiased manner. She is quick to point out the characters and the comics that are innovative, honest and female positive, a hard feat considering the position and mentality of women from the '40s and the '50s. For example, she includes characters like '40s fave Little Lulu who doesn't hesitate to bonk guys on the head, the "Four Eves" who discuss serious topics like abortion and wife-abuse in the *Wimmin's Comix* of the '70s, and *Action Girl*, the girl-positive, boy-friendly '90s anthology put together by **Sarah Dyer**. She also discusses the various styles of comic art over the last 60 years. There is the now recognizable style of **Jack Kirby**, (creator of *The Fantastic Four* and *The Silver Surfer*) from the '50s, the mod psychedelia of the '60s, the realism of the '70s, the cubist art of **Mary Fleener** (*Slutburger*) in the '80s, and **Madison Clell**, an artist who uses her multiple personalities to engage different art styles in her comic, *Cuckoo*, in the '90s.

Despite the book's title, Robbins does make a concerted effort to include some of the various guys that have written good girl comics, like **Los Bros Hernandez** of *Love & Rockets* fame and *Archie* mainstay **Dan DeCarlo**. (You remember him, he drew the cover for ***cub's*** *Bettie-Cola* CD.) It helps that Robbins is also a comic artist who found her legs during the '60s underground comic movement. Having to hold her own with peers like **Robert Crumb** and *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers'* **Gilbert Shelton**, she started her own movement with many other talented women.

My only real complaint about this book is that, because Robbins grew up during the '50s, half the book is devoted to the teen and romance comics of that decade. This could be a problem because *From Girls to Grrrlz* has the potential to get girls and guys of all ages into comics. People will read what they can relate to; I feel that she should have covered contemporary comics a bit more. She also ignored some of the females writing superhero comics, another oversight which detracts from the book's overall impact. Having said that, I recommend reading her other books, *The Great Women Superheroes*, *A Century of Women Cartoonists* and *Women and the Comics*.•

Louder Than A Bomb

BY NAT X

Is it just me or has anyone else noticed the slow, painful death of hip hop? This isn't some bullshit "back in tha day" thing, either. The entire essence of hip hop's roots in the struggle for personal respect and social justice has been pushed aside by sell-out punks and their corporate overlords who have no respect for the culture. While once Kool Moe Dee pronounced that "knowledge is king", today ignorance and disrespect rule. The bottom line has been reduced to "cash, money, hoes." The whole notion of respect and pride has been crushed by the powers of corporate America. In the early '90s, just as rappers like X-Clan, Public Enemy, KRS-One, and Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy were gaining respect and popularity by demystifying our bullshit racist capitalist consumer society, our corporate masters were beginning to discover the power of hip hop as a medium for marketing and social control through the recuperation of rebellion. Many conscious rappers suddenly lost their record contracts despite strong and dedicated followings; promoters shied away from their "incendiary" (read anti-oppression) lyrics; MTV/MuchMusic/VH1 declined to showcase their videos. Meanwhile the entire weight of the industry's massive promotions machine fell behind the two most superficial factions in the hip hop world: gangsta rap and R&B crossover. By promoting certain images of Blackness, industry executives — patsies for the right-wing money men who really control our economies, thus our politics — essentially succeeded in controlling the direction of Black popular culture. It is hardly surprising that the owners/founders of *The Source*, possibly the most widespread voice of hip hop culture, are middle-class white men. It's all about power: keeping the racist patriarchal hierarchy in place. Hire a few niggers to tell the rest what's cool; make some of them rich and let the others imitate these false idols; promote self-destructive violence, ignorance, and division. Define Black femininity as the gold-digging power hungry bitch, and Black masculinity through images of hypersexuality, violence, misogyny, and empty wealth. Then convince them that this is all "Black culture". Normalise terms like nigger (nigga) both within and outside Black communities: "If we make them think like niggers then we can treat them that way and get away with it." In this way, the racist power structure succeeded in co-opting and subverting a powerful voice of rebellion. What is "Black culture" really when it is controlled and defined by outside money? If punks like fake-ass Puffy or Suge Knight really had the power and money they love to flaunt, maybe they'd actually own something of importance ... like maybe a politician or two, or at least their own record distribution: instead they still have to pimp their country asses to the big five to get paid. Just like the "good niggers" they really are, they rely on the Man for their power, their identities. While the true hip hoppers out there still speak the truth, with few exceptions all they get for not being self-deluding, extravagant pimp wannabes is disrespect. So much for agency and equality: Uncle Tom lives.•

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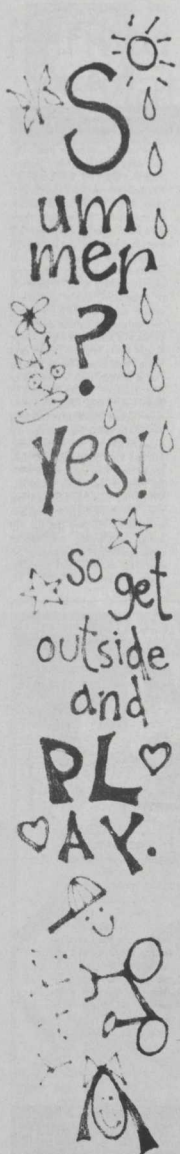

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Palinkas Eats

BY BILL K

EL NIÑO MEXICAN CUISINE
111 Alexander St.
QUE PASA MEXICAN FOODS
1637 West 5th Avenue

For the benefit of those who missed the last installment of this column, Mexico and its cuisine are the focus of my attention. This month, I wanted to go to more than just a couple of restaurants, but finances and time just didn't allow for it. You're going to have to make do with two. Sorry.

I chose **El Niño** and **Que Pasa** for a couple of reasons. Firstly, they have limited hours of operation, making them ideal for a quick lunch. Secondly, they are pretty unpretentious. Both are good, honest places to grab some lunch while you are out and about.

The first thing you need to know about El Niño is its unfortunate location: between Gastown and Main Street. So, if you find yourself walking around Main trying to score or, even worse, if you are in Gastown in the afternoon, you can go to El Niño. Inside, El Niño has quite a bit of charm, and the cook is friendly. The menu limits itself mostly to burritos and tacos, vegetarian or not. Since I was starving, I ordered a Burrito Grande, which is supposed to have chicken in it. However, if you are vegetarian you probably could order it if you want because I'm not sure if there was any chicken in it anyway. Regardless, it was an okay burrito, although it could have been spicier. While providing adequate eats, El Niño is also relatively inexpensive; I think for the burrito and a soda I paid around six bucks.

Que Pasa has been kicking my butt for a while now. You can buy their pre-packaged goods at a number of different grocery stores around the city. I don't want to get into a big argument, but I think their salsa is the best on the market. At their restaurant you can get better quality food even cheaper. I ordered a vegetarian burrito on a spinach tortilla, a vegetable tamale and a soda. Total cost: just over six dollars. I was full and still had money in my pocket. My only criticism of Que Pasa is that I don't think carrots belong in a burrito. Actually, I *know* they don't. Besides being a source of excellent burritos, Que Pasa sells all sorts of "Mexican" items for you to take home: huge cans of salsa, pinatas, margarita glasses, and various other food stuffs.

There it is. To all the restaurants I visited over the past two months I doff my hat. Mexico, since you have been treated like shit by your neighbors to the north for so long, I think it very big of you to share your culinary secrets with us. If we wanted to, though, I'm sure there is a clause in NAFTA whereby we could sue you for them.

On a bit of a different note, I would like to take the time to mourn the loss of one of the city's best eateries. Just off Fourth and Burrard there used to be a pizza establishment called **Unforgettable Pizza**. The owners were two of the nicest people I've ever met and they made the best pizza I have ever had the pleasure of eating. I will definitely miss stopping in for a slice and pleasant conversation. Damn sad, man.•

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LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

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Under Review

ALBUMS • ZINES • RECORDED MEDIA

THE BOUNCING SOULS
Hopeless Romantic
(Epitaph)
This is tongue-in-cheek at it's finest. Songs like "Wish Me Well (You Can go to Hell)" and "You're So Rad" prove the **Bouncing Souls** are real jokers. They also prove that they can write and sing with the best of them on some of the other tracks. The Bouncing Souls make punk with a happy go-lucky kind of attitude and I would imagine them to be a lot of fun on stage. This isn't the type of album that will win any major critical acclaim but is more suited to be played once in a while to familiarize yourself with the humourous side of life.
Ken Paul

BURNING AIRLINES
Mission: Control!
(DeSoto)
Out of the ashes of **Jawbox** flies **Burning Airlines**. I heard their first 7" and was very disappointed, considering how much I liked most of Jawbox's albums. But man, oh man, I love their first full-length. Rock does not get much more dynamic than this, with a drummer who sounds as if he's about to lose an arm at any moment from all those fast fills, a bassist who obviously knows what he's doing, and J. Robbins' familiar soaring vocals and super-catchy riffs all melding together perfectly to form a whole bunch of great songs. Listening to this album makes me wish some of the bands on mainstream rock radio could play their instruments and write sincerely emotional songs as well as this band does. My personal highlight would probably be the **Jawbreaker**-esque third track "Pacific 231" with its perfect chorus and ending that might just break your heart. Though I tried as hard as I could to exclude the obvious comparison in this review, I have to say that if you like Jawbox, you will love this.
Chris C.

DIXIE'S DEATH POOL
Beauty Sleep
(d/Mbulb)
If a swarm of crickets nibbled mushrooms and spontaneously composed a soundtrack for an imaginary film that has to be run backwards to be understood ...
If one recorded and amplified the sounds of a field of wildflowers blooming next to a highway during rush hour ...
If a travelling minstrel, wearing his heart on his cowboy sleeve, meandered into a ghost town and drank the haunted water ...
The various **Dixie's** members, of which there are many, share the stage with samples and field-recorded loops. They present the aural world around them with twisted, amplified giddiness. Noises are interspersed with hushed vocals and tremolo twang. At one moment their production is thick with space and length; at another moment it closes in to treat the delicate pop at the core as an intimate, spontaneous jam session. We, the listening audience, are flies on the wall of a living room somewhere in Victoria.
Technology in the hands of the mad hatter ... thanks for sharing the dreams.
Mr. Cavallero

DJ CHEB I SABBAH
Shri Durga
(Six Degrees)
I was hoping to pick up this release and NOT find **Bill Laswell**'s fingerprints all over it. Alas, Mr. Laswell's presence is indeed found here albeit in the rather subdued role of merely supplying a few weighty basslines to the mix.
Anyone who was impressed with Laswell's last indo/dub/jazz excursions on **Sacred System**'s *Nagual Ritual* should check out **DJ Cheb i Sabbah**'s downtempo alchemy of "DJ science [applied] to Indian ragas as sung and played by Hindu and Muslim musicians." Whereas Laswell often comes off sounding like a bit of dilettante in whatever musical form takes his fancy that week, DJ Cheb i Sabbah appears to pay sincere homage to the original form first and foremost while augmenting it with select beats and samples, and even then doing so with admirable restraint. Though not as instantly catchy as Laswell's effort, *Shri Durga* slowly works its magic into one's consciousness in a way that is ultimately far more satisfying. The seven ragas found here are given a mix treatment that enhances them with current mixology method (as opposed to merely quoting them via short samples). This respectful approach gives *Shri Durga* a distinct edge and depth over much of what is being currently produced as a fusion between Asian musical modes and DJ/breakbeat science.
PC

JULIE DOIRON
Will You Still Love Me?
(Tree)
With little more than a guitar, a bass, and various keyboard instruments, Julie Doiron and her lovelorn vocals manage to capture her listeners' hearts and draw them into her melancholic world for the all-too-short span of this five song EP. The album's title lays the basis for Julie's musings about love, the eternal subject of many a musician, and one that is unlikely to be understood any better anytime soon. Thank God, because the end result here is breathtaking musicianship that will make your heart cringe.
Steve Guimond

DUBTRIBE SOUND SYSTEM
Bryant Street
(Jive)
How does one accurately describe the musical melange that is San Francisco's **Dubtribe Sound System**? I guess you could go with something like "house music for hippies". Not that this is necessarily a bad thing, mind you. As intolerant as I am of blind hippie naïveté, there is something to be said for the inherently positive intent and practice at work. This sort of humanist collectivism is clearly apparent on "Bryant Street". Principal songwriters Sunshine and Moonbeam Jones run the gamut of musical influences: Latin jazz, deep house, downtempo mushroom jazz, Brazilian drumming, old skool rap (well they try, anyway), and even a smattering of dub. Their eclectic influences clearly reflect their anti-classist, anti-sexist, anti-racist, anti-capitalist, etc., "let love rule" politics. Jones and Jones draw on an interesting and very effective combination of instrumentation and sampling to create their unique sound, which benefits from the ample talents of a dozen musicians. Highlights of this electronic love-in include "Samba DUB", "Wednesday Night", and "Ain't Gonna Do You No Good" which succinctly sums up the vibe of the whole album: "You can buy anything you want, you can have all of the money in the world, but if you ain't got love, child... it ain't gonna do you no good." Old fashioned do-it-yourself hippie idealism packaged for the rave (and post-rave) generation. I'd give it something like seven and a half on a scale of ten.
J.M.

ELEVATOR THROUGH
Vague Premonition
(Sub Pop)
I've heard a lot of positive things about **Elevator Through**, and, wondering what the hype was about, I decided to give *Vague Premonition* a listen. What I heard is exactly what I had expected — something slightly strange, very indie, and extremely cool. Breaking with tradition and recording in a studio for the first time ever, Elevator Through have come up with 13 tracks of grounded psychedelia to hypnotize the masses. With a cool drone feel and an impressively simple mix of instrumentals, nothing on *Vague Premonition* will grab your attention at first, but with repeated listens, the beauty of it becomes evident. It's all so subtle, and I think that's what I like most about it — while the majority of bands try to impress with hooks and image, Elevator Through provides the audience with something much more rewarding; they've created a sort of sonic landscape for the listener to wander through, allowing them to choose their own path to the ultimate destination. Standout tracks include the schizophrenic rock masterpiece "Rain," and the hauntingly elegant "Cut Out The Wick."
Brian Johnson

ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO
Bourbonitis Blues
(Bloodshot)
Alejandro Escovedo's album titles speak volumes. Last year's *More Miles Than Money*, a live retrospective, succinctly summed up his three decade musical journey, while 1999's *Bourbonitis Blues* lays the foundation for his current crop of offerings. Alejandro and his orchestra (guitar, bass, drums, cello, violin) tackle both originals and covers that deal with themes of alcohol, lost love, the blues, pain, geography, and life on the road, while an underlying sadness permeates the whole affair. This is most evident in the album's slower, acoustic ballads, where the string section pulls at your heart as Alejandro empties his. A balance is created between these numbers and the ones that are outright rockers, containing hints of early **Rolling Stones**, boogie-woogie, Tex-Mex music, and country rock. This is a confident, mature record from one of rock and roll's underdogs and elder statesmen that deserves to be embraced by a much wider audience than he is used to.
Steve Guimond

EUPHONE
The Calendar of Unlucky Days
(Jade Tree)
I have to admit that I am pretty confused by this album. The first **Euphone** LP and EP were awesome displays of drummer/songwriter Ryan Rapsys' incredible abilities behind the "skins" which avoided sounding self-indulgent in the process. The songs were funky as hell (in the best sense of the word funky) and made for extremely fun listens, so I was definitely looking forward to getting my hands on this release. On *The Calendar of Unlucky Days*, Rapsys hardly shows off his skills at all. Gone are most of the blistering beats that sound like only a machine could have made them. In their place are a bunch of decent instrumental, post-rock tracks that challenge the listener to understand their whacked-out time changes, textures, and rhythms. There are still a couple of great, fun numbers on here — such as "SU 10" and "Needle and Crate" — that could be used as the soundtrack for a '70s car chase or pimp daddy movie. For the most part, though, I was kind of upset that this record bored me so much, showing off the new, laid-back, not-so-funky Euphone style.
Chris C.

DAVID HILLYARD AND THE ROCKSTEADY SEVEN
Playtime
(Hellcat)
Let me speak of a band
Called the **Rocksteady Seven**
Whose music is sweet
As Manna from Heaven

Made up of **Slackers** and **Hepcats**
Skinnerboxmen and **Skavoovies**
Play *Playtime* for your date
Don't take them to the movies

Skankin' the rocksteady
Is what the Seven do best
With twelve tracks on this album
Twelve, and no less

Playtime is an apt title
An apt title, no doubt
'cause when these cats get playin'
you'll want to shake your ass all about.
gibby peach

JAY JAY JOHANSON
Tattoo
(BMG Sweden)
Yum. This CD makes me believe that love truly exists. It makes me think of evenings that never happen: warm summer evenings, suave and well dressed men and women walking around, sultry and slick, each one's eyes dancing with someone's else's across the room. Things sparkle.
The music is like sophisticated honey, clean and jazzy, at once deliciously Bristol Sound-esque, and at the same time, it's like a lonely haunting tango.
Jay Jay Johanson's sound is thoroughly modern. Alongside his Bristol Sound influences, he's got some drum and bass, some great samples, and all that DJ shit — but so simple its almost wholly traditional.
His occasionally falsetto voice, underlain by simplistic synth-pop, produces an achingly pretty effect; it sort of reminds me of a European **Steven Merritt** (of **Magnetic Fields** fame). He's even got the woman from **Autour de Lucie** (**Valerie Leulliot**) and that's also a really good thing.
If you need a night of haunting, aching music that makes you believe, for once, that it's a sadly beautiful world out there, this is the CD for you.
If you don't need that, I pity you.
Anthony Monday

THE LONESOME ORGANIST
Cavalcade
(Thrill Jockey)
Jeremy Jacobson is either very lonely and feels the need to comfort himself by sounding like a twelve-piece band, or he's an overly talented musician who has to play all the instruments because no one else can play them like he does.
Cavalcade sounds like a hockey arena organist on crack, Gamelan musicians on speed or like that grandma who played the organ at the *Simpsons*' church when Bart replaced the hymn music with a metal epic.
The Lonesome O's hidden voice and the echo of his tapping foot remind me that this band is only one person — a unique, crafty, crazy person.
Christa Min

MASTERS OF THE HEMISPHERE
Masters of the Hemisphere
(Kindercore)
Indie pop-rock.
Now, there's nothing wrong with indie pop-rock, per se. Some of my best friends listen to indie pop-rock. Hell, I own lots of indie pop-rock myself. That is not the problem with **Masters of the Hemisphere.** I can't actually figure what about it makes me so blasé.
It could be that they kinda sound like **Luna**, but that doesn't do Luna justice. On the other hand, is could be that there are so many groups of four guys who sing about emotions and do that whole shoe-gazing schtick.
It's not that I don't like them – – I do, really, I do.
And, sure, they make me play air guitar when no one's looking so I can pretend to be some Straight Sensitive New Age Guy who sings his pain so prettily 'cause *"it's real"*.
The **Masters of the Hemisphere** are nothing to write home about. If you did write home about them, it would be unlikely that anyone would understand what you were talking about. And, as usual, if you tried to explain, no one would listen. I just don't have the energy to try to make people understand why I listen to these guys. I'd rather just sit in my room, playing air guitar.
Anthony Monday

MOTORHEAD
Everything Louder Than Everyone Else
(CMC International)
"Don't dance to this, you'll fuck yourself up," says Lemmy just before ripping into "Take the Blame", on this live double CD release recorded in Germany. I remember well the live heavy metal albums of my youth: *Live After Death* by **Iron Maiden** and *World Wide Live* by **the Scorpions**, to name a couple. Those recordings had that unique roar of a European crowd, thick accents coming through in their cheers and hollers. This CD is no exception: hooligans yelling for Lemmy and acknowledging his every word. Just like the video for "Ace of Spades", this CD may scare the shit out of you. It's live, it's Motorhead — what did you expect?
Ken Paul

NORTH OF AMERICA
These Songs Are Cursed
(Matlock)
I think that Canadian indie rock is getting better and better every day. At least once a month there is a great new record put out by a Canadian band. **North of America** are on the top of my list of fellow countrymen who completely rock my ass. Yes, the **Polvo**, **Pavement**, and **Archers of Loaf** influences definitely shine through here, but I feel that *These Songs Are Cursed* goes way beyond that scene. The songs range from dynamic math-rock anthems such as "Central Part of Equal Times," to the straight-ahead, poppy Chapel Hill-style rock of "What a Melee," to wonderfully repetitive, long, epic-sounding tracks like "Extent of the Apse Outstretched." I really can't find a single filler song out of the 17 that are on there. It's honestly such a good CD. Check out this band; you will not regret it.

Chris C.

PAVEMENT
Terror Twilight
(Matador)
This album has been out for a little while now, but has anyone really noticed? What has happened to make us all turn a blind eye to these once-mighty quirky songsters?

If you're like me, the distrust of all things new and Pavement-esque stems from that crappy **Crust Brothers** show that so many chose to ring in the New Year with. Yuck. Maybe you just heard that goofy "Carrot Rope" single praised one too many times by the cash-money music mags at home and abroad. Whatever the case may be, you probably haven't given this album a fair chance.

Sure, on first listen, it seems kind of sucky. Apparently, most Pavement releases do. With repeated listens, this album begins to get fun 'n' familiar, and you might even find yourself singing along to a tune or two. Steven Malkmus' clever lyrics may be a little less clever than usual, but genius only stretches so thin. This album ain't so very bad, with its silly, laid-back feel. It's a friendly jam session, certainly not in the same league as past albums, but I'm sure this one will impress some people. Pavement are still here, doing what they do in their charming way, and you should pay attention to them!

jackie

THE REVEREND HORTON HEAT
Holy Roller
(Sub Pop)
Heath, Jim (alias: Heat, Horton)
Born: ? Died: 1996
I want this to read like a eulogy because Jim Heath and company kicked the bucket a while back. At one time, they were an exciting, fresh alternative to the greasy-haired grunge hippies that dominated Sub Pop. **The Reverend Horton Heat** was the embodiment of all things 'billy' (psycho, punka, rocka, etcetera) but they just had to go and sign with Interscope. If their last 'effort' (I use that term loosely), the dismal *Space Heater*, isn't a clear example of how big labels can suck all the creativity from honest bands, than I'm not sure what is. And now the Heat crew has done the unthinkable: they've released a money-generating 'greatest hits' package. Sure, most of the songs make me want to drink a six-pack and chase down coyotes in my pick 'em up truck while driving home from the dirt-track, but that's no excuse to buy this. If you want Heat, pick up *Smoke 'em if you Got 'em*. The Rev ought to pick it up, too, if he wants to resuscitate his sad corpse. Until then, Rest In Peace Jim Heath. I'll miss you.

gibby peach

ROOTS MANUVA
Brand New Second Hand
(Ninja Tune)
OK, I'll tell you right off that I'm totally biased here. I've been waiting for a new **Roots Manuva** release for almost two years now. Ever since being introduced to the South London rapper by the way too cool Rebirth of Cool series (#7), I've been drooling at the thought of a domestic full-length, and "Brand New Second Hand" lives up to all my expectations. How does one describe this artist to the uninitiated? Picture a rapper with the dedication and anger of **Chuck D**, a relaxed yet authoritative delivery reminiscent of **Michael Franti**'s rumbling bass, and the unflinching in yo' face power of **KRS-One**. Combine this with incredibly phat beats and a typically British dub influence and you have an explosive package that puts the typical second rate commercial R&B derived "cash, money, hoes" set that is so popular these days to shame. Roots Manuva's intelligent but totally hardcore attitude makes punks like **Jay-Z**, **Puff Daddy** and **Master P** and all those other commercial goons look like the cheesy, second-rate, talentless beat-pimps that they really are (fans of the those cheap-ass sell-out motherfuckers please take offence: you suck too!) Tracks like "Movements", "Juggle Things Proper", and "Big Tings Gidwan", all produced by the rapper himself, showcase a phat, laid back funky production that puts **Dre** and all his little gangsta-wannabe clones to shame. Roots Manuva is already a huge success in England, and if he doesn't explode here it's only because North Americans have been so blinded by the commercial glitz and bullshit that they have lost sight of what hip hop is really about.

J.M.

TEEN IDOLS
Pucker Up
(Honest Don's)
Would it be safe to say I love this band? Do I know them well enough yet? I don't know — I think we're ready for this big step in our relationship. Ready? Here we go. **Teen Idols**, I love you. I wasn't really sure after your first album — so many bands made me feel like that and then never called again. With this new one, though, I really think it's time we made a commitment. You just keep this up, and I'll be yours forever, baby. Now get over here, and let's get that leather jacket off you.

Trevor Fielding

VIRGINIA DARE
Baby Got Away
(Absolutely Kosher)
Virginia Dare is the brainchild of Mary O'Neil, who writes the songs and plays the autoharp while singing dark, sad tales of modern life as is evidenced by title choices such as "Baby Got Away," "Love Is Dead," "Revolt of Mother," "Anywhere But Here," and "You Kill Me." Mary is backed solely by acoustic guitar and bass on the album, which sometimes limits the scope and breadth of the acoustically-rooted songs. Despite this fact, O'Neil's lyrical prowess on songs such as the title track, where she belts, "Baby got away, she pierced her tin heart and threw away the bad part," compensates for most of the musical shortcomings. An overall satisfactory effort of particular interest to fans of lyric-first music.

Steve Guimond

CHUCK E. WEISS
Extremely Cool
(Slow River/Rykodisc)
'Ol **Willie Dixon**, speaking of **Chuck E. Weiss**, says "That little Jew boy with the big old head be one of the best musicians in this town, this country even." Willie Dixon doesn't lie. *Extremely Cool* ain't exactly the Chuck E. of old, but I'm not about to complain. While it is, overall, a fairly outstanding album, I do have one beef: for such a talented bluesman, why in hell does Chuck E. have to take so many stupid jaunts into the jazz world? Tracks like "Sonny Could Lick all them Cats" make him sound about as "extremely cool" as Vancouver's purveyor of all that is unhip, **Ralph Alfonso** (you know... coffee, jazz, Ralph). On the other hand, his collaborations with **Tommy Waits**, like the incredible "It Rains on Me", and New Orleans-inspired numbers like "Oh Marcy" reaffirm my belief that Mr. Weiss should be about as popular as **Jesus**. A note for Chuck E.: stay away from all that "cool jazz" shit; it's for people who drive station wagons and think they can get away with wearing Keds to the cigar club.

gibby peach

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Crusty Comp Vol. 1
(Crusty)
Great comp. Around 30 bands, including **Aging Youth Gang**, **the Malchiks**, **Kid With Man Head**, and **Strong Like Tractor** make up the first release on Vancouver's Crusty Records. The best songs are by **John Q. Public** (seriously fucking amazing), **Offday**, and **Random Conflict** (a punker band you shall never find). This is an excellent comp with a lot of Cancon stuff that makes it easy to meet my radio quota. Ho-ho!

Trevor Fielding

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Johnny Hanson Presents: Puck Rock Vol. 2
(Sudden Death)
The genesis of the Canadian cultural craze known as "puck rock," the melding of punk music and the sport of hockey, can be traced to the music video for **D.O.A.**'s 1987 cover of **B.T.O.**'s "Takin' Care of Business." The video featured D.O.A. in a knock-'em-down-drag-'em-out game of hockey against a team in suits with names like Greed and Lust. So it seems appropriate that **Joey Keithley**'s Sudden Death label (instead of **NoMeansNo**'s Wrong Records, which released Vol.1) is releasing the second volume of puck rockers as selected by John Wright's hockey-punk alter ego, Johnny Hanson.

This album presumably spent about a year in limbo, as this has been "coming soon" in Sudden Death's catalogues for over a year, and I received a same for this album in late January of '98. Another way any average Joe could figure this album spent a bit of time in the vaults prior to release is the fact that many of the NHL references are out of date: most glaringly in **JP5**'s ode to everyone's favorite Islander, Gino Odjick, and **King Hokum and the King Bees** (the **Molestics**' alter egos) dumping on such Leafs players as Felix Potvin and Wendel Clark. The fact that this album seemed a little stale even before it was released took a bit away from the experience.

In light of this complaint, the best tracks on this album are the ones which make no mention of the League, but instead draw and colour vivid fictional puck tales such as the **Stool Pigeons**' "Ballad of Cookie La Rue," **Pullfinger**'s "One Timer" and **Strange Brew**'s "Billy Zamboni." The one exception to this rule is **P.U.C.K.**'s slam on the Americanization of the League by its sell-out Commissioner in their rap-punk tune "Fuck Gary Bettman," which, for its message alone, is my favorite track on the compilation.

This time around, as in the League, there is some fine new talent in the form of some American (**Riverdales**, **Stool Pigeons**, **Commies**, **Pansy Division**) and European (**Bones**, **Steaknife**, **Boskops**) players, but the best talent are Canadian through and through.

What does impress me about *Puck Rock Vol.2* is the amazingly broad spectrum of musical styles on this album. From P.U.C.K.'s exhilarating brand of rap to King Hokum's form of polka-rock to **Wry Eel**'s brand of slack-ass lounge in heir ode to "The Flower," one never knows what to expect on the next track. Although this album has more genre representation than its 1994 predecessor, it falls short of being as interesting as *Puck Rock Vol.1*

Mike Chilton

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Syrup & Gasoline
(Grenadine)
This is the first record from a new label out of Montreal which will presumably deal mostly in garage punk and pop music. This twenty track compilation is an interesting mix of the two genres and it features many up-and-comers in the Canadian indie scene such as the **Spitfires** *and Endearing Records' darlings* **Evie**. *Look for strong contributions from established acts such as Halifax's* **Plumtree**, *Victoria's* **Papillomas**, *Winnipeg's* **4-Star Movie**, *and, of course, Montreal's very own* **Tricky Woo** *doing a cover of the* **Creation**'s *"Making Time."*

If hearing Quebecois madly trying to sing in time to fast punk-pop rhythms is your thing, there is also a good handful of strong francophone contributions from the likes of **Les Sequilles** (doing a **Serge Gainsbourg** cover), **Les Secretaires Volantes** (their last song before breaking up), **Les Macchabees** and **Les Thantalogues** with a French/English concoction which truly sounds like it was put through the blender.

Did I mention the covers? In addition to Gainsbourg and the Creators; **Thrush Hermit** does a cover of **Budgie**'s "Nude Disintegrating Parachutist Woman." Almost worth the price of this album on its own. So do your part for Canada/Quebec relations and Garage/Pop relations and lay down your paycheck for *Syrup & Gasoline Vol. 1*, 'cause it's damn good eatin', baby!

Mike Chilton

THANKS STEFAN

After the computer decided that it didn't want to turn itself on any more (the night before production, no less!), Tristan and Barbara headed out to the car to commit suicide by carbon monoxide poisoning. Fortunately, they ran into Stefan, CiTR's wonderful computer consultant, on the way down. Thank you, Stefan, for saving us from certain doom.

3 1 5 CARRALL STREET GASTOWN 685.3978

BRICKYARD
-JULY-

Thur 1 — JAK'S SKATE REUNION — DAYGLO ABORTIONS, THE IDIOTS (ex-SAN FRANCISCO), THE EXCESSIVES (TX-DELUXTONE)
Fri 2 — LOOKOUT! RECORDING ARTISTS — THE SMUGGLERS, THE DONNAS, THE SALTEENS
Sat 3 — MYSTERY MACHINE, BITTER GRIN, BABBLEFISH
Mon 5 — MATADOR RECORDING ARTISTS — MATMOS, MARK SPYBEY (of DEAD VOICES ON AIR & PROPELLER), LESSER (CEEL COMMUNICATIONS)
Wed 7 — $1.49 DAY — HIP HOP MECHANICS, SPEEDBORE
Thur 8 — RAW TASTE RECORDING ARTISTS (fresh from their SXSW showcase) — ALL SYSTEMS GO! REMOVAL (with GARY'S GANG)
Fri 9 — SONY RECORDING ARTISTS (from Australia!) — JEBIDIAH (with guests)
Sat 10 — TRANSIBERIAN RECORDS RELEASE: DOMINIC RADIO (dancing robots) — GODWIN PEAK, EVAN SYMONS, ZERO SQUARED, RIMMIE, RADIO GRAM, 2 BIT SAMPLER, PLUS HYSTERY HAMMER BEAR GUESTS!
Mon 12 — $1.49 DAY — (old school punk rock) DJ PETE (from SINGLES, SUBURBAN STEADY) AND GUEST DJS
Tue 13 — THE ENIGMA'S PUZZILLION (ex-JAY ROSE GROUP, SCREWDOG PERFORMER) with guests
Fri 16 — THE BRICK YARD SALE FEATURING... STATION A (TRIGGER HAPPY) THE DIRTMITTS, JOANIE LOVES CHACHI
Sat 17 — MOTHER TRUCKER with guests
Wed 21 — $1.49 DAY — SLACK COAL, TIE FISHER
Thur 22 — ART SHOW OPENING
Fri 23 — PRE-PRIDE PUNK NIGHT — EMBER SWIFT, CHE CHAPTER 127 with guests
Sat 24 — PAN with guests
Wed 28 — $1.49 DAY — (from VICTORIA) HOT HOT HEAT, JERK WITH A BOMB with guests
Thur 29 — WAYSIDE PHOTOS, BOTTOM FEEDER
Fri 30 — SIOBAHN DUVALL, PLAN ORANGE with guests
Sat 31 — TRIKE WIPEOUT, MR. PINK, PET FARRIES

COMING IN AUGUST
TRICKY WOO, ZUMPANO
MOONEY SUZUKI

Real Live Action

CAT POWER providing musical accompaniment for the silent film *Jeanne d'Arc*
Friday, May 14
University of Western Washington

Damn, two amazing women in one night. **Chan Marshall** and *Jeanne d'Arc*, you made me cry for two hours straight. The pairing of sparse, moving songs with a torturously sad story made me lose my cool and sniffle and sob in a room full of American cool kids. I am so glad I was there to witness this.

Julie Colero

GRRRLAPALOOZA
Saturday, May 15
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

I had intended to give you, my gracious readers, a play by play run down of the show; a chronological perspective, if you will. On reaching the Vancouver East Cultural Centre (or, more pretentiously: "The Cultch") I knew I had to take a different reporting path.

The whole concert had more the feel of a country fair than of a rock concert, with tables for those political types, slide and art shows for those arty types and a general milling about of a bunch of happy positive people. There was also a definite Elizabethan quality to the show, right down to the running children and front-of-stage squatters; people mingled in the lobby, waltzed back and forth from seat to seat, entered and left the hall at will. This is not to say it was unorganised — no, not in the least. The organiser and somewhat nervous MC (and also front-person of rambunctious **Che: Chapter 127**) did an amazing job of throwing together a very diverse set of performers and ensured each one was enjoyed equally: from short films to rockin' grrrl #1 **Veda Hille**; from modern dance to the stage antics of **Tribe 8**.

What was great to see were the lesser known, more performance art oriented creatures of Grrrl land: **Zero Gravity**'s puppet show/history of the world; the accordion heeling and bass playing **Ersatz**; the evening's surprise wowers **Loud** (who were kind of like a lesbian "Stomp," plus an electric guitar). Also performing were the ever funny, charming and sexy comedy group **30 Helens** and the spoken word collective **Taste This**, who were also pretty darn funny, charming and sexy. It was also great to see Veda Hille, who, thankfully, is still an excellently indie girl. We were a little worried about her after that whole **Alanis Morrisette** thing. The punk — saved for last — was a fairly body-pumping event, filled with foul mouthed, sexy boyz and girls. What can I say about it except that the people who came to see punk definitely saw punk.

I do have some advice for next time (and there should be a next time): please, organisers, give us some sort of program so we know when and who and where they came from!

I give this concert an Anthony rating of "Yum Yum Fun!"

Anthony Monday

WESTERN'S HIP-HOP FESTIVAL
Saturday, May 15
University of Western Washington

A number of mediocre MC duos warmed up the crowd before the **Ghetto Children** took the stage and got the place jumping. Their set-up was pretty standard for most groups that night: a few MCs and a DJ mixing and spinning the beats. It seems that sometimes it's the MCs who stand out and sometimes it's the DJ; with the Ghetto Children it was definitely the energy of the MCs that got the crowd going.

Next up was the All Free-Style MC Battle which was fun 'cause the three local guys got all the action even though they weren't as polished as the MCs from the opening groups who they competed against.

I'll admit that I went to the festival mainly to check out **Black Anger** and their rad political hardcore styles. They opened with a small white guy who recited a well written and hitting poem about slavery and exploitation from the perspective of someone with European ancestry. A large entourage then took the stage and launched into a multi-MC assault **Wu-Tang**-style with people coming on-stage between and during songs until it was packed. The huge variety of voices and a strong DJ resulted in a powerful performance.

Unfortunately, after Black Anger left the stage, I could have napped for 90 minutes and not have missed a thing. The DJ Battle was boring. It just seemed like each DJ found one interesting sound and then offered weak variations of it.

Even worse than the DJ Battle was **DMS**. I had never heard of them before, but **Prince Paul** (the festival MC) introduced them as an up and coming group from Seattle. Like I said before, most groups at the fest had a couple MCs and a DJ. On the other hand, DMS had three MCs, three back-up singers, two drum-sets, keyboards, a guitar, a bass, and two scantily clad women shaking everything. DMS was totally uninteresting and unoriginal. It seemed like everyone was doing their own thing, as if all these people and instruments had somehow accidentally come on-stage at the same time and tried to "do Hip-Hop" by mixing rap with jazzy-rasta rhythms and **Doobie Brothers** harmonies.

Souls of Mischief saved us. Back to a couple of MCs and a DJ, their sound got the crowd back into the festivities and the place was packed again. Although their MCs were strong, it was their DJ (DJ Apollo) who dominated, dropping the beats so smoothly and deftly that I caught myself listening to the beat changes instead of the MCs. The crowd swayed like an ocean.

But it quickly became obvious whom everyone had really come to see. When the **Pharcyde** took the stage the 2000 or so people went mad and the whole gym

shook. It was also obvious that Pharcyde's live show was in a different league than every group that had come before. They had the deft DJ, jumping energized MCs, and all the moves. The place was a madhouse when Pharcyde hit their money songs. They definitely knew how to play their crowd and invited five young women on-stage with them, which turned into ten and then twenty as the MCs almost got lost in a sea of young women who were bumping and grinding to the Pharcyde.

Looking back, I'm really impressed by the sheer quantity of entertainment organized at the festival. Although it didn't run very smoothly, I think that Western's Hip Hop Festival has an excellent chance of seeing second and third annual versions take place.

yang

THE LOCAL RABBITS
STAR COLLECTOR
Thursday, May 20
Starfish Room

"Bet you thought you'd never hear **Iron Maiden** or **Rush** again," remarked the guitarist of a certain Vancouver pop group as the **Rabbits** ripped through another spine-tingling guitar workout. It seems there are still people who take seriously the twenty year old concept that musical proficiency is somehow evil. Such ignorance is unwarranted tonight because, although guitarists Ben Gunning and Peter Elkas could outplay almost any band in Canada, the Local Rabbits are aware of the power of restraint and only let fly when they feel like taking the song into another solar system. Fortunately that is most of the time and as they blazed through a great many of the songs from their two albums and a bunch of new ones, there were only two positions that a person could adopt: rooted to the spot in amazement or madly pogoing in front of the stage. In brief — a great, great concert which you should be sad to have missed (the Starfish Room was deserted). Opening act **Star Collector** overstayed their welcome with an unentertaining set of sub-**Oasis** Brit-pop. "This is a song about the pressures of fame" their singer announced at one point. They should be so lucky.

Quentin Wright

WEAKERTHANS
OH SUSANNA
GREATER THAN LESS THAN
Thursday, May 22
Starfish Room

It should be noted up front: I don't think anyone could possibly convey, in written word, how profoundly good this show was. That said, I'm gonna give it a go.

Greater Than Less Than were greater than less than good. That made them (in case you weren't any good in math) good but not outstanding. Their stuff was pretty standard fare: sort-of poppy music, coupled with sucky lyrics. I'll bet the college kids in Edmonton can't get enough of them. I want to say that I enjoyed them, but their singer thought he was in the **Tragically Hip** and that made me nervous.

Oh Susanna, on the other hand, should be given the Order of Canada. She was as immovable as a mountain. I'm not sure if I've ever been as captivated by a single performer as I was that night. Playing without the help of any backup, she kept reminding me of a Samurai without a sword. By the end of her set she had conquered the whole goddamn crowd, with nothing but a guitar and a voice. Suzie and her songs were as beautiful as the prairies she spoke of in the middle of her set. Please play again Suzie. We need you in Vancouver.

And the **Weakerthans** ... well, I'm not sure what to say. They confirmed their status as the finest band in the country. I don't really want to describe their music; I can't do it justice. Buy *Fallow* if you don't believe me. They sang songs about how sad and fucked up it is that people have to spend their days working for sad, fucked up, wages. They sang songs about leaving home. They sang songs about the prairies, and no one does that anymore. I am a grown man and these guys had me crying (and I wasn't the only one). They made me miss Manitoba.

gibby peach

SOUTH HILL CANDY SHOP BENEFIT
Thursday, May 22
Vogue Theatre

Some of you may not have noticed, but there's a big hole at the corner of Main and 28th where one of the city's funkiest acoustic music venues once stood. In late April the building was felled by fire, but its spirit lives on. In a city better known for sniping among its musicians, a large group of local acoustic musicians pulled off the daunting task of organizing a 2-night benefit for the South Hill Candy Shop in a short time frame.

The lineup for this, the second of the two nights, included a tasty mix of jazz, swing, blues, country and rock from some of Vancouver's finest artists.

Kate Hammett-Vaughan opened with an elegant and understated jazz diva set, a little heavy on the Cole Porter material, but why question a good thing? **Sweet Papa Lowdown** got down with their retro bluesy-swing set and singer-songwriter **Michael Friedman** kept up the pace with an acoustic set with no navel-gazing whatsoever. Nice pickin'. I really enjoyed **Daisy Duke**, a group unknown to me before that night. Watch for these 3 gals with big voices, guitars, and a whole lotta twang to give **Neko Case** et al a run for their alt-country money.

The inimitable **Veda Hille** put on a subdued and stylish set, mostly on keyboards, with the added treat of her dad and brother for a couple of numbers. She also won the sound bite of evening award for: "There's a lot of crimes I can get behind, but arson isn't one of them".

After an unfortunately long changeover, the always suave **Bocephus King** and his roots-rock band the **Rigolettos** rocked da joint and left no doubt as to why they've been getting so much buzz here and abroad. Great end to a fine evening. Kudos to all involved for showing an enormous spirit of cooperation and compassion which is sorely missing in the local scene. Too bad it took a fire to get this all going.

Another spinoff of these benefit shows was the creation of a compilation CD featuring the above and other musicians. Proceeds of this compilation CD will go towards reviving the South Hill in one form or another. Look for it in local shops or see this webpage for more info: *<http://members.xoom.com/southhill>*

Val Cormier

THE VANCOUVER SYMPHONY CHOIR AND THE VANCOUVER BACH CHOIR: SERGIU COMISSIONA, CONDUCTOR.
Sharman: *Letters for the Future*, Stravinsky: *Symphony of Psalms*, Ravel: *Daphnis and Chloe*
May 22-24
Orpheum Theatre

The program was great assemblage. Beginning with **Rodney Sharman**'s new work for strings, harps, and percussion with men's choir, *Letters for the Future* evokes a quality that is unique to the composer's music; it waxes dated musical conventions but goes on to something different. When block chords move tutti among the strings in an early twentieth century manner, that sound is underpinned with quiet wails and screeches that give an air of *engaging mystery*. Appropriate enough: the work's inspiration is Galileo's enigmatic praise of the alphabet. Any musical comment on history must include musical

at left: Pharcyde @WWU. Photo by Ann

history, and Sharman's Letters ... seemed to supercharge a sound indigenous to our own Canadian composers of yesteryear, such as **Jean Coultard**. However, the composer's legacy that Sharman continues is **Claude Vivier**, because the music is cosmopolitan, and shines back lovingly upon Canada rather than emerging from a purely nationalist context. Beautiful stuff. All the composers in this program have the same musical relationship to their homeland.

Russia's own **Stravinsky** and his *Symphony of Psalms* then proceeded to blow the house down. Full choir, pianos, and orchestra (excluding upper strings) provided a marvelous contrast to Sharman's orchestration. While *Letters* involved subtle variations on a strings-based palate, Stravinsky's *Symphony ...* constantly invoked striking combinations of instruments and crisp, angular melodic curves. The whole ensemble performs together only rarely as the music slinks among the performers like a Siberian wolf. It was written in France for the Boston Symphony's 50th anniversary, which took place in 1930. The music's combination of rawness and holy reverence fascinates the contemporary psyche. Many ignore Christianity and do not possess great imaginations for its potentially diverse character. The music's craft is flawless and as imaginative as one could hope to aspire. Faith should not be dismissed by our secular culture until our art outclasses the products of that ol' time religion. We're not there yet.

The second half of the evening was **Ravel**'s enormous ballet *Daphnis and Chloe*, 1912, scored for enormous orchestra and wordless choir, in its entirety. Ravel is to classical music what **Barry White** is to American crooners: the most sensual sound around. One doesn't get aroused while listening, but the velvet execution and warmth of the music intoxicates. While Ravel's work is immaculate, its orchestral suites were selected from the ballet for the concert stage with good reason; the piece is about dance, and without dancers the music, not truncated, loses steam. One can marvel at the orchestration and Basque-influenced melodic writing, but when the work allows the dancers to play out the story, the music meanders in an alkaline bliss until the sound retakes primary importance. Conductor Commissiona tends to languish among beautiful textures as well, slowing things down, making some moments crawl along. However, the ensembles, orchestra and choir, were superb on both nights. When the team leader takes a spirited hand to a score, the performance is world class, and we can only hope that such tasteful programming will be heard in the future.

John Keillor

ELVIS COSTELLO
Monday, May 24
Queen Elizabeth Theatre
Elvis Costello: Actor, Comedian or Musician?

It was my first time in the QE, and surprisingly, it sounded good even if I couldn't see Elvis' teeth. He and key-pusher Steve Nieve looked small on the giant stage, but that voice ... it's like Christ. When Elvis sang "What's Her Name Today?" I wanted to cry, leap up off the squishy chair and bound off of people's stupid heads on my way into his arms. Nieve's *accompaniament* was dynamically perfect, but his touch was laboured, like he had lead bracelets on.

Most songs performed came from the flawed *Painted From Memory*, but here, without the background singers, flugelhorns and drums, the songs became perfect. Older songs were adult-contemporized somewhat, but they didn't sound bad, just different.

Elvis Costello: Comedian. For some stupid reason, people in Vancouver think that all comments, gestures and moments of silence are jokes. The jokes that Elvis did tell were much too clever, making me believe that he had prepared them earlier. He said he had a dream in which the Almighty Being condemned us for killing people and listening to popular music.

Elvis Costello: Actor. The last time I heard, Elvis was happily married to that woman from **the Pogues**, so where the hell are all his lyrics coming from? How can he stand there and make us believe that he's really in pain? He can turn on the fake emotion everytime he opens his mouth.

I think it was the fifth encore, the last song, when all the mikes were turned off, the lights were dimmed, and Elvis made me believe that he was singing to me.

Christa Min

OLD 97'S
Friday, May 28
Crocodile Café, Seattle
This was my first time at this venue, which has grown from its early reputation as an original Grunge Mecca into one of the Northwest's most famed venues. They sure book great bands, but may I say it's sorely over-rated for ambience and especially sound. Makes the Palladium sound like the Orpheum in comparison! Nice touch having that big ole' papier-mâché devil above the back bar, tho'.

Interesting vibe about the place, guys there are more friendly (read in-yer-face) than in our city. What does it say about a place when some dude drops this as a conversation starter: "don't you think he [referring to opening band's bass player] looks rather 'Gedgeian'?" Hmm, I'm gonna guess he was referring to David Gedge of **Wedding Present**, but who knows...

The **Picketts** from Seattle opened, and yes, the bass player was rather Gedgeian. This band played good, sloppy, country-rock and some zesty covers of old nuggets like "Should I Stay or Should I Go."

Since the stage area was quickly packing well past my comfort level, I retreated to the cool shade of the ole' red devil to enjoy the **Old 97's**. These young lads are yet another alt-country band who have deserted some of their fans by cranking out a pop record — in this case, *Fight Songs*. No shoe-gazing here, however. Their early punk roots showed, from the neatly trimmed do's to bouncing stage antics. I thought a mosh pit might erupt at any second. Gotta say one thing about bands from Texas (these guys are from Dallas), they sure drag out ex-pat Texans in force. And ex-pat Texans party almost as hard as ex-pat Newfoundlanders, so 'nuff said.

The '97s kept the pace high right to set's end. Bass player Murry Hammond started the encore with my fave track from *Fight Songs*, the ballad "Valentine", and then they cranked up the juice again for another half-hour of bouncy crowd-pleasers. Hot sweaty fun.

Val Cormier

NEUROSIS
JAR
SKINLAB
Friday, June 4
Palladium
One word: grinding. Oakland, California's **Skinlab** and **Neurosis** graced this city with a stop on their tour and too bad to any metal fans who missed out. Skinlab kicked things off with a heavy set that established the pace for the evening. Definitely the highlight for me was the stellar mosh pit during **Jar**. A large crowd was on hand that night and it was all for Neurosis to the exception of myself (who had never heard Neurosis before and loves the radio friendly Jar) and my buddy Bob (who also prefers the radio friendly Jar and the more polished metal of **Pantera**). Now personally I'm not a big metal head. I enjoyed Skinlab but couldn't quite stomach Neurosis. Too much grind. It never stopped — even between songs there was feedback. I guess I'm just a wuss. Definitely recommended listening for the metal heads of this city but if you like viewing your metal from behind bullet proof glass like I do, then I'd have to say the show was a little much.

smut peddling sam

Shifting Terrain
Presented by Standing Wave
Sunday, June 13
VECC
We have entered an important period for serious music. Since the downfall of tonality in 1907, dissonance played an ever more important role at the expense of a wider audience. Furthered by Stockhausen in the fifties and Ligeti in the sixties, *it seemed that music would never again embrace consonance or a common language such as it had from roughly 1400-1900.* Now, as many differing valuable and tenacious individual styles have played themselves out, a more inclusive sound is emerging. It's still cooking, and was heard tonight with varying degrees of success.

This was Standing Wave's last concert of the season, featuring three world premieres. The five- player troupe is among the West Coast's musical blessings, *and if this concert had* its ups and downs, it still entertained, stirred up debate, and maintained the highest performance standards. Beautiful summer weather and many new faces accentuated the good cheer.

Music is a beautiful disease by **Peter Hatch** set the evening's tone; though much of the material was good, little of it gelled. It opened wonderfully, ticking away with a soft, propulsive intensity. Hatch brought together several differing bodies of sound that, while all individually interesting, failed to create a greater cohesion. The pieces included big, long chords, extended up-down melodies, and the classic, bombastic billion-note section contrasted with meditative material. Some visual elements were incorporated into the music as well; players made theatrical gestures intended to coordinate with certain sounds that recurred in different instruments. When clarinetist François Houle returned to repeated bowing — initially to specific music he was performing — the reappearing material was nearly identical except that it was cellist Peggy Lee making the actual music. Houle bowed silently and everyone got the reference. It was fun for pastiche, but had little impact. More satisfying was **Cameron McKittrick**'s *Wanderer*, which appears on Standing Wave's outstanding *Stark Raving* CD. A warm nocturnal elegance glowed nobly in this work, bringing everyone to full attentiveness. The audience was then offered the world with **Bradshaw Pack**'s edgy and masterful *Ellipsis [...]* gleaming eidolons. The title, engaging and justified, only hinted at the music's simmering elocution and diversity, rivaling the best Italian film. As with the movies of **Fellini** or **Antonioni**, one hoped the performance would never end. The musical associations crackled with vitality, and listeners were practically handed an aesthetic experience on a silver platter. The ensemble whipped this premiere together in record time and in convincing terms, obviously loving the material.

Another Hatch work began the second half. *When do they is not the same as why do they* invoked **Gertrude Stein**'s genius in some arcane fashion. For solo percussion, Lauri Lyster captivated everyone with infectious panache. Some pre-recorded jazz sounded from a radio to set off a particular section. Most of the applause went to the performer. Next was **Lars Sandberg**'s excruciating *I-Skick*: a static, tedious repetition of a few notes for the whole ensemble. Its complete lack of dramatic contour couldn't be saved by any means of performance. Programming *I-Skick* was an error.

Itamar Eres concluded the evening with a shapeless, endless piano trio. Pretty textures were forced on a hapless crowd, trapped. The less said the better. Yet, afterward, everyone was still glad to have attend this evening. The first half was great. There was a fine spread for hungry patrons and those tending bar were on top of the situation. A concert series this good can survive a few awkward pieces, as anyone who has heard all four shows can attest. Be sure to attend the next season, beginning in September.

John Keillor

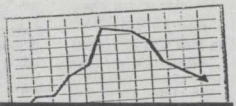
POLE
NEOTROPIC
June 13
Sonar
Pole and **Neotropic** created an aural experience that was first class. Sonar was set up properly with the JBL Turbosound rig facing the right way so the bins were long-throw. The visuals and dark mood in general were perfect and created a conducive atmosphere to sitting down on the dancefloor, as many people did. The music and the live aspect of the electronic acts (something "electronica" in general is still working on, mainly because of the difficulty of playing live and having to carry around massive amounts of equipment), was exciting, vibrant and beautiful.

The experience: cigarillo and Jagermeister in hand, I sat back to enjoy the show. First was Neotropic. She started quite ambient, working her way through the sort of chill-room dub beats that one used to hear around the mid-90s, like **The Orb**'s *Orbvs Terrvrvm* and **Biosphere**. I am not sure if it was this particular set-up, but she seemed very much the recluse, facing off to the right to play on a synthesiser (I could not see what type). All of the keyboard riffs were played live, and she did this ambidextrously, often playing on two synths at once. The music progressed from the ambient territory into very jazzy, tango-ish and funky rhythms, at which point she sung to the tracks (again, away from the audience). I must say, she has a beautiful voice, and the entire effect was of something very artistic. Then her poet friend joined her on a microphone to read and sing. Some friends of mine did not really dig this as much, but personally, I found the live aspect to be something very intense, very close. I think a lot of people who are into techno get very purist about the musik, where if anything sounds remotely like rock or has that sort of sensibility, they get turned off. Me, I really appreciated the flowing ability to mix the live vocals in with the live keyboard work and dubby, yet funky drum patterns. The aesthetic reminded me a bit of **ELP**. As far as I understand it, Neotropic also created the visuals— they were excellent, at times better than the music, and it was interesting to see her glance up at the large screen behind her and smile at the visuals. A very interactive, live and intense visual and aural experience.

After Neotropic ended, there was a bit of a pause, and a midweight guy all dressed in black nonchalantly walked up to the second set-up of gear, hit a couple of buttons and the popping and clicking noises began. It was Pole. People gave a little cheer, and settled in for another round of dubby-ness, only to be woken up to dancing by a track which started at about 135 bpm! Pole is playing faster now, and in terms of the whole concert, it worked completely. The set was very live as well, with Pole knowing his equipment inside and out, manipulating and playing the echoing chord sounds live, sequencing and repeating them, and then twiddling and playing around with the incredible bass rhythms, which pushed the Turbosound rig to the edge. The tracks were somewhat recognisable, but for the most part, they were done so live and differently that the set was more of a jam session than Pole playing songs off the album. For this reason, I rather enjoyed the faster pace. At one point, he walked off through the crowd, and people kept cheering and stamping their feet, working into a rhythm until he came back and did an encore. It took a while to get the equipment working for some reason, at which point you heard him say with his accent to the crowd "It should be working!" In the process, the soundsystem was turned up another notch, and when things got underway again it was LOUD. I realised that the Turborig could go a lot louder and wished that Sonar would just crank it all the way up. Needless to say, you could *feel* that last track (although I had no idea what it was). Pole ended, clapping his hands to the cheering crowd and making a short bow. He seemed so cuddly and genuinely nice in his very German all-black outfit. It was a very intimate, relaxed and beautiful experience. The drifting melodies of this night rank up with **Carl Craig** and **the Innerzone Orchestra** when they came last year — it was a performance not to be missed.

tobias van veen

CiTR charts



WHAT'S BEING PLAYED ON 101.9 FM

HOW THE CHARTS WORK ...

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "July" charts reflect airplay over June). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts"•

JULY 99 LONG VINYL

1	oh susanna	johnstown	stella
2	cibo matto	stereo type a	warner
3	underworld	beaucoup fish	v2
4	the planet smashers	life of the party	stomp
5	sci fi witch doctor	enter the now	phat phunk
6	man or astroman?	eeviac	touch and go
7	twilight circus sound ...	horsie	m
8	kym brown	pygmalion	independent
9	lily frost	cosmicomic country	violet inch
10	tricky woo	sometimes i cry	sonic unyon
11	fantastic plastic machine	luxury	emperor norton
12	julie doiron	will you still love me?	tree
13	various artists	johnny hanson's puck rock vol. 2	sudden death
14	nighmares on wax	carboot soul	matador
15	we	square root of negative one	asphodel
16	cooldown	ether	map
17	propagandhi	where quantity is job #1	g-7
18	a. williams & the sadies	red dirt	bloodshot
19	thievery corporation	abductions...	eighteenth st.
20	rob swift	the ablist	asphodel
21	moby	play	v2
22	wesley willis	greatest hits vol. 2	alt. tentacles
23	rachels	selenography	quarterstick
24	negativland/chumbawamba	abcs of anarchism	seeland
25	various artists	return of the read menace	ak press/g-7
26	the donnas	...get skintight	lookout!
27	gus gus	this is normal	4ad
28	weed	hard to kill	nettwerk
29	tortoise & the ex	in the fishtank	konkurrent
30	the sewergrooves	three time losers	estrus
31	orbital	the middle of nowhere	ffrr
32	barry adamson	murky world of...	mute
33	tom waits	mule variations	epitaph
34	electric frankenstein	how to make a monster	victory
35	submission hold	waiting for another monkey...	ebullition

JULY 99 SHORT VINYL

1	the catheters	the kids know how to rock	empty
2	the sonics	house party	norton
3	the novas	the crusher	norton
4	tricky woo	ten tons	bittersweet
5	quixotic	s/t	ixor stix
6	the make-up/lung leg	split	southern
7	the hellacopters	down right blue	sub pop
8	the users	sick of you	raw
9	lungleg	maid to minx	southern
10	the magnetic fields	i don't believe you	merge
11	the essex green	s/t	sudden shame
12	marine research	s/t	k
13	period pains	spice girls	damaged goods
14	disgusteens	nothing personal	longshot
15	sackville/handsome family		split
16	the chubbies	when i was your girlfriend	remedial
17	los infernos	the outlaw	alt. tentacles
18	built to spill/marine research	split	k
19	n. case/whiskeytown	split	bloodshot
20	various artists	self portrait	permafrost

JULY 99 INDIE HOME JOBS

1	radio berlin	distance
2	the radio	kinder surprise
3	team strike force	lager + lime
4	dave diamond	the diamond mine
5	new electric riot	teenage blues
6	adri	mischievous elves
7	full sketch	soundtrack
8	the snow queen	west tone song
9	fridge art tiara	?
10	tiefisher	secret
11	the self esteem project	?
12	forecasts farewell	behind the red sun
13	les saints	ta mere
14	road bed	home?
15	hell caminos	ex-girlfriends
16	cage	cujo cat
17	dreamy angel	laundromatte queen
18	prodigal daughters	rock the party
19	clover honey	talk about me
20	thee goblins	golden tokens

Things Overheard at DiSCORDER/ CiTR during production week

1 "Olympia is just like Ladner, only cool." — Julie

2 "Ride him like a see-saw." — T****

3 "Suck my dick." — Hancunt

4 "You [Hancunt] aren't crass, you're *earthy*." — Barbara

5 "Rob wants a beer." — Rob

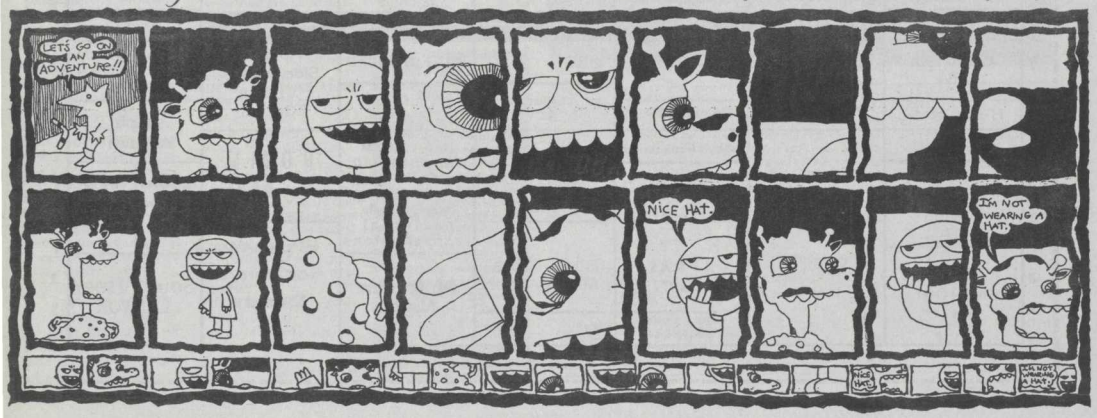
WHAT WE LISTENED TO ...

magnetic fields * wesley willis (greatest hits) * katherine whalen's jazz squad * flaming lips * plumtree * lee perry & the upsetters * bob marley & the wailers (early ska sides) * vandermark 5 * cibo matto * flaming lips * us bombs * the bodies * the angels of light * swingin' utters * vengaboys * citr radio

Good Tasty Comic

<jdasilva@eciad.bc.ca>

by Jason Da Silva and Mixmaster Davey (in Fiji!)



On The Dial

YOUR ON-AIR GUIDE TO CiTR 101.9 FM

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM Real-cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

LIPGLOSS & CIGARETTES alt. 5:00-6:00PM British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00-6:00PM International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

HELLO INDIA 8:00-9:00PM

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Quawwalis, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-1:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Checkmate, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

THE CHILL-OUT ROOM 1:00-4:00AM DJ Clutch spins hip-hop...DJ Decter spins techno. So chill out with us. Have a nice day.

MONDAYS

BLUEGRASS FOR BREAKFAST 6:00-8:00AM Back in September.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

BLUE MONDAY alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

THE ETHER TABLE alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM If a collective of Belgian satanists ever put reverb on a flock of geese, I'll find it and play all 28 minutes! Dark ambient and experimental and noisy stuff. Barbara listens to too much old vinyl.

SOUPE DU JOUR 1:00-3:00PM Feeling a little French-ified? Francophone music from around the globe, sans Celine Dion.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dead air, verbal flatulence, a work of music by a 20-century composer — can you say minimalist? — and whatever else appeals to me. Fag and dyke positive.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore/punk from beyond the grave.

BIRDWATCHERS 5:00-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eye on the T-birds.

POLYFILLER alt. 6:00-7:30PM

LADY DEATHSTRIKE alt. 6:00-7:30PM

PIRATE RADIO 7:30-9:00PM Formerly "Love Sucks," now at a new time.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11.

July 5: The Dave Brubeck Quartet: *Jazz Impressions of the USA*

July 12: Tony Williams: *Life Time*

July 19: Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers: *Live in Sweden*

July 26: Oliver Nelson and his Big Band: *Fantabulous!*

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00-4:00AM Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts — thank fucking Christ.

TUESDAYS

WORLD HEAT 8:00-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and pulsatin' punk provide the perfect scissor kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when Kung-Fu is used for evil with drunken fist Bryce. Kill-yaa!!

TRAGIC ANIMAL STORIES 11:30AM-1:00PM Tales of puppy love gone awry, and of baby ducks crossing the street, all backed up by a sad soundtrack of various indie-rock bands for your own enjoyment and education. Cry in your beer, please.

ECHOES FROM THE SUGAR CUBE FACTORY 1:00-2:00PM

BELT OUT THE BLUES 2:00-3:30PM Music for families and little people.

THE SLIPPERY SLOT alt. 3:30-5:00PM

SKINTIGHT BUFFOONERY alt. 3:30-5:00PM

BBC WORLDNEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

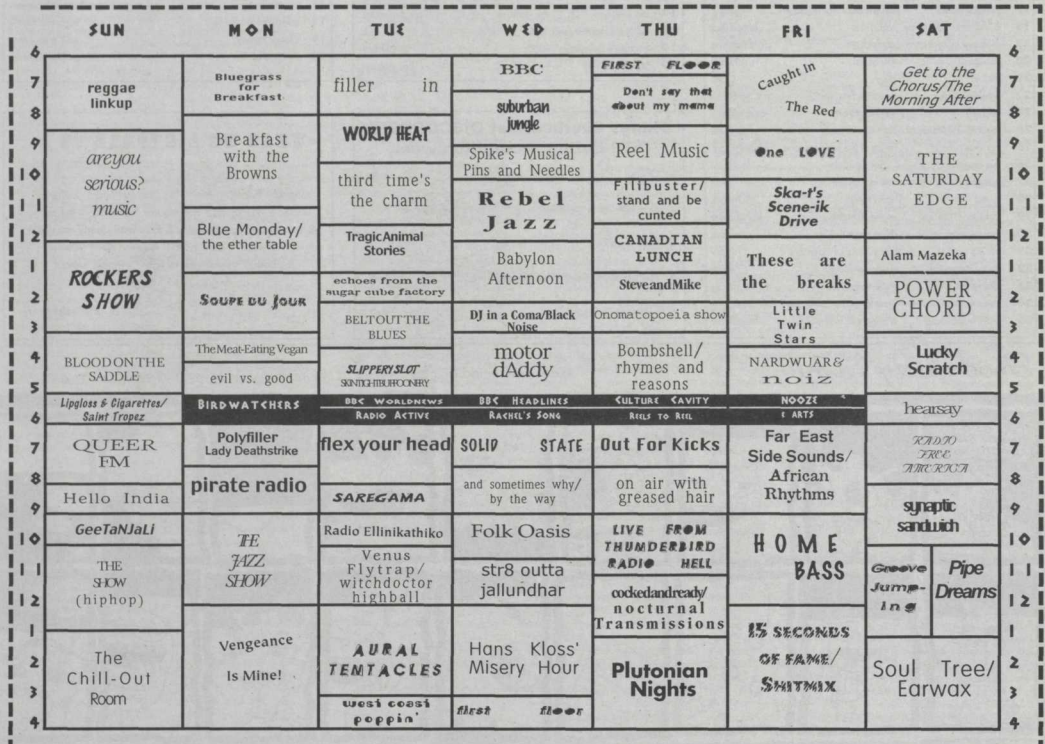
RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Activism, issues and fucking up the corporate powers that be.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00-8:00PM Hardcore and punk rock since 1989. http://flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com/

SAREGAMA 8:00-9:00PM Featuring traditional (classical, light and folk) and contemporary South-Indian music.

RADIO ELLINIKATHIKO 9:00-10:00PM Greek radio filling in for *La Bomba* for the summer.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambi-



ent, electronic, hip hop, tree jazz, Christian better living LPs , the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here ... and bring some ice.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-3:00AM Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock.

WEST COAST POPPIN' 3:00-6:00AM 100% west coast rap. Huge giveaways, with your host like no other Shawn Powers.

WEDNESDAYS

SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00-9:00AM A perfect blend of the sublime and absurd, with your refined and exotic hosts Jack Velvet and Carmen Ghia.

SPIKE'S MUSICAL PINS AND NEEDLES 9:00-10:00AM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists. Weekly "Vintage Vancouver" segment takes a look back at this city's musical past.

REBEL JAZZ 10:00-12:00PM

BABYLON AFTERNOON 12:00-2:00PM

BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:00PM Filling in for Clinton. Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat."

RACHEL'S SONG 5:10-6:00PM Info on health and the environment. From recycling and conservation projects to diet, health, and consumption and sustainability in the urban context.

SOLID STATE 6:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M.Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM sleater-kinney, low, sushi ... these are a few of our fave-o-whit things.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Let's give alternative media a chance — VIVA VINYL! 7"s new and old, local cassettes and demos.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM Featuring the latest local and international releases in folk/roots/world music, phone interviews, in-studio guests and more. Requests always welcomed!

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungra! "Chakkh de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals.

HANSKLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-4:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

THURSDAYS

FIRST FLOOR 3:00-6:00AM

DON'T SAY THAT ABOUT MY MAMA 6:30-8:30AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.

FILIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM Part accordion-tinged musical meanderings, part experiemental weirdness, with a little bad hill blood thrown in for good measure.

STAND AND BE CUNTED alt. 10:00-11:30AM DJ Hancunt urges women to get down with their cunts while listening to women in jazz, funk, rap, soul, worldbeat, disco and beyond.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

ONOMATOPOEIA 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix oh yeah and some music. With Robin and Jules.

RHYMES AND REASONS alt. 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE CRAP 5:00-5:30PM

SHAPE UP alt. 5:30-6:00PM

REELS TO REEL alt. 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

COCKED AND READY alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

NOCTURNAL TRANSMISSIONS alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM You adjust the lighting, DJ Satyricon mixes the sounds. Radio that could only happen after the sun's gone down. Songs and soundscapes for the naked city.

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-4:00AM Late night vinyl. Occasional skips. Cheers.

FRIDAYS

CAUGHT IN THE RED 6:30-8:30AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris. Stick out yo' can.

ONE LOVE 8:30-10:00AM Anything and everything from the wonderful world of music, as long as harmonies can be sung, and the melodies be heard.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM E-mail your requests to Djska_T@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice brings you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funktified, sample heavy beat-lain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats. Versatile at any style.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jacuzzi space rock at its finest.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS ... 3:30-4:00PM

NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM self-titled.

BBC WORLDSERVICE 5:00-5:30PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Noah: techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHIT MIX alt 12:00-3:00AM No beatmatching. No crossfading. No indiefascism. No progassblasting. No Phish. Just a mix.

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER alt. 3:00-8:00AM

GET TO THE CHORUS alt. 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

ALAM MAZEKA 12:00-1:00PM Arabic music.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks. Blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna and Barry.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, Cal.)

PIPEDREAMS alt. 10:00-1:00AM

SOUL TREE alt. 1:00-4:30AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM ..."noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out. -Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your mitochondria quake. Hosted by Sister B.

CiTR
101.9 fM

WHO M HOW

Arts	v a c a n t
Board Chair	Harry Hertscheg
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PLOWMAN and the FARMERS

CiTR 101.9 fM * Thurs 3-5 p.m.

"Ladies dropping the shit"

LOUD AND QUEER
COMING ALL OVER YOUR RADIO
JULY 31/99

it's a queer radio event celebrating sexual diversity, and
we want you to get on the mic!

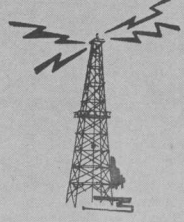
get involved and do interviews, discussions, music, themes, readings, rants, live performances and smut. for more info contact anna at 822.1242 or come by room 233 of the SUB at UBC and check out CiTR for yourself.

After nearly 20 years on the air at CiTR

Brent Argo

has reluctantly quit the airwaves.

The wireless won't be the same without you.



Datebook

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN JULY

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE IS JULY 14th!

FRI JULY 2 Magic Slim & the Teardrops@Yale; Harvey Danger, DJ Dave & the Boyscouts@Richard's (early show); Walter Washington & the Roadmasters@Yale; Cinemuertel@Blinding Light

SAT 3 Surfdusters, High 5 Ramblers, Reverberators@Pic Pub; Cinemuertel@Blinding Light; Crash, the Mo'Funk Collective@Chameleon; Sonar's 2 Year Anniversary Party!@Sonar; Fiesty, Salteens, Swank O'Hara@Railway; Mystery Machine, Bitter Grin, Babble Fish@Brickyard; Zony Mash@Starfish

SUN 4 Hard Rubber Orchestra@Starfish; Bantam Rooster, Gimmicks, New Electric Riot@Pic Pub; Technics DMC Finals (feat. DJ A-Track, DJ Checkmate, & The Turnstyle Crew)@Richard's(early show)

MON 5 Matmos (feat. Mark Spybey), Lesser, Agriculture@Brickyard

TUE 6 Terry Francis@Sonar; Drugs & Deviants (classic anti-drug films!)@Blinding Light; Bitter Grin, Retreads@Railway

WED 7 Porkers, Subway Thugs, Maneaters@Starfish; Vans Warped Tour(feat. Cypress Hill, Eminem, Pennywise, Vandals, Blink 182...)@Thunderbird Stadium; Drugs & Deviants@Blinding Light; Jeff Lang@Railway; Hip Hop Mechanics, Speedbore@Brickyard

THU 8 CiTR PRESENTS BEENIE MAN@Rage; Reverend Horton Heat, Huevos Rancheros@Richard's; Slick 60, Volatile, Lure, Bottomfeeder@China Beach (20299 Industrial Ave., Langley); Lilith Fair@UBC Thunderbird Stadium; All Systems Go@Brickyard

FRI 9 Jebidiah@Brickyard

SAT 10 CiTR PRESENTS DOMINIC RADIO (feat. Radiogram, Kimmie, Evan Symons, Zero Squared, 2 Bit Sampler, Hammer Bear, Godwin Peak, and mystery guests); **CiTR PRESENTS FACEFEST '99** (feat. Motorama, Demonskull, Maneaters, Evan's New Band, Pet Fairies, Fish, Veronica)@Ms. T's Cabaret; Will Oldham, Anomoanon, Joel R.L Phelps@Breakroom (Seattle, 21+)

SUN 11 Looper, IQU@Starfish; Evaporators, Bratmobile, Tennesse Twin@Pic Pub (early show)

MON 12 Fuck, Solarbaby@Starfish

TUE 13 Lilys, Beachwood Sparks, Saturnhead@Starfish; Robert Cray Band@Rage

WED 14 Ensign, Elliot, Six Going on Seven@RKCNDY (Seattle); Pavement, U.S. Maple, Sunless Day@Showbox (Seattle, 21+); Zen Tricksters@Richard's

THU 15 Zen Tricksters@Whisler Mountain; The Enigma's Puzzillion(ex. of Jim Rose Circus)@Brickyard

FRI 16 Station A, Dirtmitts, Joanie Loves Chachi@Brickyard

SAT 17 LaDonnas, Spitfires, JetSet@Pic; Mother Trucker@Brickyard

SUN 18 Nashville Pussy, Speed Dealer@Richard's (early show)

MON 19 Swayzak@Sonar

TUE 20 The Make-Up, Golden@Starfish

WED 21 Maceo Parker@Richard's; Johnathan Inc.@Railway; Mad Bomber Society@Pic Pub

THU 22 Skavoovie, Epitones, Ducky Boys, Kingpins@Starfish; Mushroom Jazz Tour (feat. Mark Farina, Heather)@Sonar; John Ford@Railway; Hellenkeller@Richard's

FRI 23 Violent Femmes@Vogue; Illuminares festival@Trout Lake(at dusk); Roswells@Railway

SAT 24 Free Tibet concert (feat. Clover Honey, Jet Set, Speedbump, Big Cookie)@Starfish; Coal, Big Red@Railway

SUN 25 Britney Spears@GM Place

MON 26 Adam Freeland@Sonar; Grrrls with Guitars@Railway

TUE 27 Social Chaos Tour (feat. DOA, UK Subs, and LES Stitches)@DV8 (Seattle); *Superstar: the Karen Carpenter Story*@Blinding Light

WED 28 Manic Street Preachers, Remy Zero@Richard's; Aural Dilation@Legend's

THU 29 Ian Pooley@Sonar; Kristy Thirsk, Transformer@Railway; Jurassic 5, Dilated Peoples, Beat Junkies, Breakestra@Richard's

FRI 30 Bughouse Five, Lowbrows@Railway

SAT 31 The Black Halos, the Catheters@Pic Pub

SPECIAL EVENTS

AURAL DILATION

JULY 28TH @ LEGENDS GRILL + TAPROOM, A DEBUT NIGHT OF EPIC TRANCE AND FUNKY DRUM N' BASS BEATS PROVIDED BY SELECT SEATTLE/VANCOUVER DJS. $12 . FROM EACH TICKET TO BENEFIT CARPE MENTIS CANADA.

FACEFEST 99

A CiTR PRESENTATION, SATURDAY JULY 10TH. FOR A MERE $5 YOU CAN SEE THE PET FAIRIES, MOTORAMA, EVAN'S NEW BAND, DEMONSKULL AND THE MANEATERS AT MS. T'S CABARET (339 W. PENDER). FOR INFO CALL FACEPLANT @ 253-2542.

LATE BLOOMERS

GO TO THE MOONBASE GALLERY FOR AN "EXHIBITION OF BOTH VISUAL ARTS AND COSTUME THAT SETS OUT TO EXPLORE [THE ARTISTS'] INNER MOST SECRET LAYERS". THIS SHOW IS RUNNING FROM JUNE 25-JULY 18TH. CALL 608-0913 FOR SPECS.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANTS • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Café 302 West Cordova (Gas Town)	683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant)	876 7128
Arts Hotline	684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 East Hastings	254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie)	689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island)	687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie	873 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonald)	732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St.	878 3366
Boomtown #102-1252 Burrard (at Davie	893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Carrall St.	685 3978
Café Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive)	254 1195
Café Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant)	873 1331
Cambie 515 Seymour	684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall)	683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard)	689 3180
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs)	738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown)	669 0806
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC)	
Club Vesuvius 1176 Granville (downtown)	688 8701
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place	682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova)	683 3757
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1531
CNB Skate and Snow 3 712 Robson	682 5345
Cordova Café 307 Cordova (Gastown)	683 5637
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial (at 17th)	879 0154
Crosstown Music 518 W Pender	683 8774
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End)	683 2201
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St.	662 3207
DV8 515 Davie (downtown)	682 4388
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th)	734 7469
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main)	689 0926
F.W.U.H Beatty 552 Beatty	687 7464
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC)	822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown)	822 9364
The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main)	872 5665
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano)	738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	873 4131
Hush Records 221 Abbott Street	662 7017
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey)	224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St)	606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive)	251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (gastown)	685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown)	685 3288
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway	
Minoru Pavillion 7191 Granville (Richmond)	
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown)	608 0913
Naam Restaurant 2724 W 4th (Kitsilano)	738 7151
Neptoon Records 5750 Fraser St.	324 1229
Orpheum Theatre Smithe & Seymour (downtown)	665 3050
Pacific Cinémathèque 1131 Howe (downtown)	688 3456
Palladium 1250 Richards (downtown)	688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster)	525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall)	681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver)	876 2747
Picadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour)	682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown)	681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall)	685 7050
Puff/Beatstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave)	708 9804
Puff #14-712 Robson (at Granville)	684 PUFF
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown)	602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia	665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown)	473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations)	685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour)	681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards (downtown)	687 6794
Ride On 2255 West Broadway; 2-712 Robson (Upstairs)	738-7734
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.)	738 6311
Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main)	877 1676
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown)	687 6355
Seylynn Hall 605 Mountain Hwy (North Van)	
Shadbolt Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby)	291 6864
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main (at 17th)	876 9233
Sonar 66 Water (Gastown)	683 6695
Starfish Room 1055 Homer (downtown)	682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End)	689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (off Main)	688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown)	683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown)	681 8915
Thunderbird Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van)	988 2473
Tribeca 536 Seymour	688 8385
Tru Valu Vintage Robson (downstairs)	685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria)	254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville)	738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey)	222 2235
Vert/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown)	872 2999
Video In Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant)	872 8337
Vinyl Rekkids 76 W. Cordova (gastown)	689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall)	331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.)	685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave (near Main)	876 9343
Wett Bar 1320 Richards (downtown)	230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main)	874 4687
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive)	254 5858
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	732 4128
Yale Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown)	681 9253
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)	738 3232

UNIVERSAL CONCERTS CANADA www.universalconcerts.ca 280-4444 TICKETMASTER www.ticketmaster.ca

ALL THE BEST FESTIVALS

JULY 7

VANS WARPED TOUR '99

www.warpedtour.com

ATHLETES:

SKATERS
- Steve Caballero
- Mike Frazier
- Neal Hendrix
- Chris Livingston
- Phil Hajal
- John Cornor

BMX
- Rick Thorne
- Joe Rich

MOTO-X
- Corey Hart
- Ronnie Faisst
- Mike Cinqmars
- Micky Dymond
- Trevor Vines
- Clifford Adaptante
- Larry Linkogle

BIKE TRIALS
- Jeff Lenosky
- Ryan Leach

INLINE SKATERS
- Scott Crawford
- Manuel Billiris

ROLLER SKATER
- Brian Wainwright

PENNYWISE
BLINK-182
SEVENDUST
EMINEM
BLACK EYED PEAS
LESS THAN JAKE
LIT
MOLOTOV
THE LIVING END
SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
ICE-T
BOUNCING SOULS
THE VANDALS
GOB

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CONNON SENSE
INLAND EMPIRE ORCHESTRA

plus local stage
CONTENTS UNDER PRESSURE
THE BLACK HALOS
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Join us for the Official After Party
SERENADE 1/2 Price with your ticket stub

ALSO APPEARING
DROPKICK MURPHYS
GRINSPOON
DEVIATES
ALL SYSTEMS GO
AMAZING CROWNS
ZEBRAHEAD
Formerly RUSTPROOF FENIX TX
PORKERS

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RECORDS

UPPER FIELD, THUNDERBIRD STADIUM

JULY 8

Lilith Fair

Gates @ 2pm

Sarah McLachlan
Sheryl Crow
Deborah Cox
Mýa
Luscious Jackson

Bif Naked, Beth Orton
Sixpence None the Richer

Coco Love Alcorn, Maren Ord

COME AFTER WORK!
MAIN STAGE STARTS AT 4:45pm

GROUP (FAMILY & FRIENDS) AND STUDENT DISCOUNTS AVAILABLE!! CONTACT TICKETMASTER FOR DETAILS.

Z95.3 THE VANCOUVER SUN

tommy girl Chevy Corsica

THUNDERBIRD STADIUM

JULY 14

FOX

an adventure called

EDGE FEST 99

HOLE
MOIST
BIG WRECK
SILVERCHAIR
MATTHEW GOOD BAND
EDWIN
WIDE MOUTH MASON
RASCALZ

TREBLE CHARGER, SERIAL JOE, FINGER ELEVEN, VERTICAL HORIZON

chfi Magazine FanFest and More...

JUST ADDED TO THE BILL... GROOVY SENSATION LEN!!

Province HMV

THUNDERBIRD STADIUM

FRIDAY JULY 16

THE Ozfest '99

FINAL PERFORMANCE EVER IN CANADA OF

BLACK SABBATH

ALSO FEATURING

ROB ZOMBIE
deftones
SLAYER
PRIMUS
GODSMACK
SYSTEM OF A DOWN
FEAR FACTORY AND MORE

FOX

Province

Fender sunn

THUNDERBIRD STADIUM

JULY 28

manic street preachers

REMY ZERO

straight FOX

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU RECORDS

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

JULY 29

WORD OF MOUTH TOUR 1999

JURASSIC 5
DILATED PEOPLES
BEAT JUNKIES
BREAKESTRA

TICKETS ALSO AT FWUH & BASSIX

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

AUGUST 1

Mötley Crüe & SCORPIONS

Greatest Hits

...and Introducing
Flash Bastard

Coming in June
The Cocaine Cowboys
cocktail you've ever
30 bouts each

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Maximum ROCK come get SOME

In Stores Now
the-scorpions.com

LIVE AT GENERAL MOTORS PLACE

MUSIC THERAPY AT ZULU

THE WOODEN STARS The Moon CD

These Ottawa based post-punkers write captivating equations for study and reflection. But all is not austere and serious in this advanced programme. Both a good-natured if unusual pop sense plus a playful jazz inclination also comes out in the final summation (and even greater eclecticism in the footnotes). Akin to those other fine Canadians, **The Rheostatics**, but less well mannered, these earnest fellers deserve more airtime — change the laws! Buy Canadian.

CD 16.98

THE BETA BAND s/t CD

Tired of spending your weekends watch old family Super 8's without sound? Bored of watching grainy home movies of the Expo 86 fountains gushing upwards without any real feeling? Why not tune in **THE BETA BAND** frequency and really make that water dance!! In good company with the likes of **Apples In Stereo** & **Olivia Tremor Control**, UK popsters **The Beta Band** offer an even quirkier psyched-out take on the '60s folk-pop Rushmore revival! This their first proper full-length release should more than satisfy those of you out there, so accustomed to playing their fine **Three Eps** CD, that you unconsciously pour milk on it for breakfast.

CD 18.98

MUSIC TAPES 1st Imaginary Symphony for Nomad CD/LP

Here's the scoop: no more waiting, no more obsessively listening to their only 7-inch release, no more daydreaming back to the first glorious 60's pop chords as they opened for **Olivia Tremor Control**! The **MUSIC TAPES** debut full length is finally on the shelves!! Now here's the info: a side project of both **Neutral Milk Hotel** and other fancy Elephant 6 Recordings bands, the **MUSIC TAPES** have masterminded a dense symphonic pop album full of lush orchestration, folky-guitar fuzz and supreme harmonies. Any interpretations on the album title?

CD/LP 16.98

TRICKY WOO Sometimes I Cry CD

Release number three from this **WOO**-syndicate! Those present at their kick-ass Zulu in-store, should well be familiar with some of the riffage on this 12-track platter. Not light-hearted fare for the casual music fans, this **TRICKY WOO** album captures their live power with enough serious tuneage to make you take those **Hellacopters** and **Rocket From The Crypt** CDs out of the player, and turn on to the cream soda of hard rock action!

CD 14.98

LUSCIOUS JACKSON Electric Honey CD

The bees were working overtime on this **Electric Honey**! Having penned the summertime classic "**Ladyfingers**", **LUSCIOUS JACKSON**'s latest full length should drip through your stereo with its gooey mix of phat beats and lush acoustic instrumentation. Having struck up a friendship with like-minded club-pop experimentalists **Cibo Matto**, you can look for a little more synth-rock science in this NYC trio's recipe! Hey, isn't honey good for your hair?

CD 16.98

TAKAKO MINEKAWA Ximer CD-EP/ LP

Featuring mixes by **Cornelius**, **Kid Loco**, **Oval**, **Nobukazu Nakemura**, **Sweet Trip**, **Jr. Varsity**, and even world famous photographer **Mark Borthwick**, this new 8 song remix EP goes places **MS. MINEKAWA**'s smash club-pop full length **Cloudy Cloud Calculator** has never been! A heady mix of smooth ambient grooves and up-tempo easy beats, this electro-pop serving is the perfect summer picnic side-plate.

CD-EP 14.98 LP 9.98

KID LOCO Prelude to a Grand Love Story CD

More hip electronic musings from the Continent. Although not as light or effervescent as **Air**, fellow French producer **KID LOCO** has an equally appealing style and dress sense. While his recent remix collection, **Jesus Life for Children Under 12**, demonstrates the range of his interests — from **Pulp** to **Saint Etienne** to **The Pastels** to **Mogwai** — this new full length selection proves the cool neatness of his concerted efforts. We love the French, every last one!

CD 16.98

TWO LONE SWORDSMEN Stay Down CD

The cagey veterans that they are, Matador Records continues to scout out some of the best electro-beats from across the Atlantic! In the vein of **Boards of Canada** and **Nightmares on Wax**, introduce yourself to the visceral sounds of **TWO LONE SWORDSMEN** a.k.a **Keith Tenniswood** & **Andrew Weatherall**. Practitioners of submerged atmospherics and vacillating rhythms, these **SWORDSMEN** truly represent the leading edge of the emerging beat culture. This is the early music of the future!

CD 16.98

SQUAREPUSHER Maximum Priest CD-EP

The always unpredictable and still quite young workaholic **Tom Jenkins** returns with another odd ball set up of weird electronic tomfoolery. But what is a **Maximum Priest**? Who knows? Don't worry, this long term Zulu favourite can always be counted on for some good new noise.

CD-EP 14.98 **Available July 8**

FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE M CD-EP/LP

Pop music involves moving the accepted and expected in novel directions, in a kind of science of informed surprise. What happens is that although we may guess what's coming, we are still happy when it arrives, maybe even more so. **FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE** knows all about this curious effect — and so should you! Come be manipulated by their dance friendly, electro pop. More mind control that we love.

CD-EP 14.98 LP 9.98

Other Quality Listings:

THE MUFFS - Alert Today Alive Tomorrow CD/LP (punk)

GORDON LIGHTFOOT - Songbook CD Box Set (folk)

CHEAP TRICK - Music For Hangovers CD (rock)

Various - EASY TEMPO VOL. 9 CD (lounge)

TO ROCOCO ROT- Amateur View CD (minimal electro)

GUITAR WOLF - Jet Generation CD/LP (primal twang)

PLAID - Rest Proof Clockwork CD (on warp)

Various- ALRIGHT THIS TIME JUST THE GIRLS CD/2LP (all girl garage)

Vandals - SWEATING TO THE OLDIES CD/LP (old school punk)

AUTECHRE - EP7 CD-EP (minimal beats)

FLIN FLON - Black Bear CD-EP (teen-beat pop)

HIVE - Nuplanet 12-inch (DJ beats)

FLANGER - s/t CD/LP (ninja tunes)

REPLIKANTS - Slickaphonics CD/LP (unwound-new wave)

PIANO MAGIC - live CD (lo-fi ambience)

WINDSOR FOR THE DERBY - Difference and Repetition CD (math rock)

MATMOS - In the West CD (pretty good)

WEEN - Paintin' the Town Brown Live CD (pretty strange)

CARL COX - Phuture 2000 CD (electronica)

U.S. MAPLE - Talker CD (avant rock)

ALL PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL JULY 31, 1999

Three local features:

SATURNHEAD Saturnhead, California CD

In tune with the crafty West Coast pop sound that spawned the harmonious **Beach Boys**, local popsters **SATURNHEAD** locate themselves on the map of ultra catchy melodious song writing. More mellow than previous outings, chill out with this 22 song toric and twist!

CD 12.98

d.b.s. Some Boys Got It, Most Men Don't CD

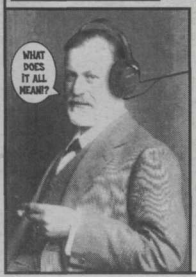
Local hardcore fans take note! Now on the New Disorder Record label, **d.b.s.** are back with another batch of top-notch punk rock'n'pop. 12 tracks of bullet train moving, hard driving kkrang!

CD 14.98

Various DOMINIC RADIO 2CD

New experimental sounds from around the Transiberian Records dial! A who's who of local underground noise-pop chemistry, featuring **Beans**, **Close Captoin Radio**, **July 4th Toilet**, **Radiogram**, **Teensy Weensy Operator**, and many more! Beautifully packaged!

2CD 14.98



Staff Picks Some of our current favourites, both at work and play!

Brady
LABRADFORD - E luxo so
OVAL - Sonnalodiok
LOW - Secret Name
ARAB STRAP - Mad for Sadness (live)
INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY - The First Conspiracy
FUGAZI - Instrument (soundtrack)
TO ROCOCO ROT - The Amateur View
MATMOS - The West CD EP

Christine
SLEDE - Head Music
Various - SOURCE MATERIAL
ST. ETIENNE - Places to Visit EP
Various - WARP BACK TO EARTH
ANANDA SHANKAR - s/t (re-issue)
Various - EASY TEMPO EXPERIENCE. ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?

Grant H.
LABRADFORD - E luxo so
TOM WAITS - Mule Variations
FUGAZI - Instrument (soundtrack)
SLEDE - Head Music
FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS - Pistolero

Grant M.
NIGHTMARES ON WAX - Carbootsoul
THE LILYS - The Three Wey
TOM WAITS - Mule Variations
RACHELS - Selenography
GO-BETWEENS - Bellavista Terrace (reissue)

Julie
ORABS - Sand and Sea
EUPHONE - Calendar Of Unlucky Days
BUILT TO SPILL - Keep it Like a Secret
INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY - The First Conspiracy
SUPERGRASS - Pumping on Your Stereo CD EPs

Kevin
WILCO - Summer Teeth
Hellacopters - Doggone Your Bad Luck Soul 10"
Various - HOT RODS AND CUSTOM CLASSICS (box set)
STEVE EARLE AND THE DEL MCCOURY BAND - The Mountain
AVENGERS - Died for Your Sins (re-issue)
OLIVIA TREMOR CONTROL - Black Foliage Vol. 1
BIG STAR - Nobody Can Dance
DEKE DICKERSON AND THE ECCOPHONICS - Number One Hit Record
APPLES IN STEREO - Her Wallpaper Reverie

Miko
MARK - Chocolate Covered Bad Things
CRABS - Sand and Sea
LABRADFORD - E LUXO SO
THE SPELLS - The Are of Backwards CD EP
LUNG LEG - Mad to Mimx

Nic
800 CHERRIES - Romantico
ARAB STRAP - Mad for Sadness (live)
OS MUTANTES - Best of Os Mutantes
FAVORMENT - Tonto Twilight
RACHELS - Selenography
'BLACK HEART PROCESSION - #2
EPIC SOUNDTRACKS - Everything is Temporary

Shahera
THE RAPTURE - Mirror
FUGAZI - Instrument (soundtrack)
ARAB STRAP - Mad for Sadness (live)
SLEDE - Head Music
COMPUTER ROCKERS - Galaxy Defenders

Thea
BUILT TO SPILL - Keep it Like a Secret
FUGAZI - Instrument (soundtrack)
JOAN OF ARC - Live in Chicago, 1999
TOM WAITS - Mule Variations
APHEX TWIN - Window Licker CD EP
RACHELS - Selenography

P.S. HAVE YOU ENTERED OUR PAVEMENT CONCERT CONTEST? SKILL TESTING QUESTION: WHAT IS ANOTHER WORD FOR PAVEMENT?

ZULU RECORDS

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